THE NATIVE POETS of Maine

BY S. HERBERT LANCEY.

BANGOR
DAVIS BUGBEE & CO.
1854.

THE

NATIVE POETS

—OF—

MAINE.

BY S. HERBERT LANCEY.

Have we no Minstrels in our echoing halls?

We have sounds stealing from the far retreats
Of the bright company of gifted men,
Who pour their mellow music round our age,
And point us to our duties and our hearts.

GRENVILLE MELLEN.

BANGOR:

DAVID BUGBEE & CO.

1854.

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1854

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BY PERMISSION,

'The Native Poets of Maine,'

IS DEDICATED

TO

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE

MOST GIFTED OF AMERICAN POETS,

AND

A DISTINGUISHED

SON OF MAINE.

OUR VOLUME.

'Tis like the books that silently among
Our household treasures take familiar places,
And are to us as if a living tongue
Spoke from the printed leaves and pictured faces.

'Therefore we hope, as no unwelcome guest,
At your warm fireside when the lamps are lighted,
'Twill have its place reserved among the rest,
Nor stand as one unsought and uninvited.'

PROEM.

BY WILLIAM BELCHER GLAZIER.

Harp of the dark Pine forest-land!
  Harp, that the Poets' birth-place owns!
How bold becomes the timorous hand,
  When once it wakes thy tones.

Here, where the broadest rivers sweep,
  Here, where the dimmest woods are found,
Our fondest memories start from sleep,
  Aroused by thy dear sound.

Come, let me strike thy chords once more,
  And, while my fingers o'er them roam,
Return the strain beloved of yore,
  And murmur, Harp, of Home.

Yes, this is Home! its tasseled pines,
  Its rugged hills, its short-lived flowers,
Its fields where Winter late reclines,
  Are cheerless, but are ours.

Hearts have beat, warmly here as where
The Summer lingers late and long,
And here have brows found strength to bear
The laurel wreath of Song.

The strains that fill with Hope the heart,
The lays that cheer us in the strife,
The songs that make young Love a part,
The dearest part of Life;

The fancies that the Poets find
In buds, in streams, in forests sere,
In spells that master every mind,
Have all been uttered here.

And thou who readest, if a strain
Brings joy or makes one care to flee,
Let it, too, bear the low refrain,
'This song was sung for thee.'

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Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

SHIP OF STATE.

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all its hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate?
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat,
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave, and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempests' roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee.
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

AGE, 47 YEARS.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW is a son of the late Hon. Stephen Longfellow, and a native of Portland, in which city he was born on the twenty-seventh day of February, 1807. He was graduated from Bowdoin College, in the class of 1825, and being desirous of visiting the scenes of beauty and grandeur in the old world, he soon after made an extended tour through England, France, Spain, Germany and Italy, which occupied nearly four years. Much of this time was given to the study of the languages, manners and customs, and historical incidents of the different nations that he visited. For nearly five years, after his return, he occupied the chair of Professor of Modern Languages, in Bowdoin College, at Brunswick, Maine, from which he was a graduate. In 1835, he again visited Europe, accompanied by his wife, to whom he was married four years previous, and who died very suddenly during the ensuing winter, while they were sojourning at Heidelberg. He spent considerable time in Germany, Tyrol and Switzerland, and Denmark and Sweden, devoting himself to the study of Northern languages and literature. He returned home during the fall of 1836, and received the appointment of Professor of French and Spanish Languages, in Harvard University, at Cambridge, Mass., where he still resides.

Mr. Longfellow's first efforts in literature were made while he was a Sophomore in Bowdoin College, as a contributor to the "United States Literary Gazette," by which he acquired considerable popularity among the reading community; he was also a contributor to the "North American Review," while a Professor in the College. In 1839, he published "Hyperion," of which Dr. Griswold, a very able critic, says, "it is one of the most beautiful prose compositions in our lan-

guage." Subsequent to this, he published "Outre-Mer, a Pilgrimage Beyond the Sea;" in 1840, "Voices of the Night," his first volume of Poems, and two years later, "Ballads and Other Poems;" in 1848, "Evangeline, a Tale of Acadie," one of his most beautiful and admired poems; in 1849, "Kavanagh," a prose tale; in 1850, "Sea-Side and Fireside," a collection of Poems; in 1852, "The Golden Legend," a Poem dramatique. In 1853, his publishers, Messrs. Ticknor, Reed and Fields, of Boston, issued his complete poetical works and translations, in two volumes, not including, however, "The Golden Legend," his longest poem, which was published at nearly the same time.

Professor Longfellow, by his earnest and persevering study of the Modern Languages, has been able to give to the literature of this country, some of the most beautiful and correct translations in the English language; among which are, "The Children of the Lord's Supper," "Frithiof's Saga," and "Coplas de Manrique," and a numerous collection of minor ones. Although he has achieved a fame greater than any American Poet, he is still adding to it by frequent productions from his prolific pen. What he has written, will remain before the public, and in the hearts of his countless friends, when the long grass shall wave and fall over the poet's sacred place of rest, and they will gather around his "FIRESIDE," and that calm and holy "Resignation" will teach them

> To think day after day what he is doing
> In those bright realms of air?
>
> "Thus will they walk with him, and keep unbroken
> The bond which Nature gives,
> Thinking that their remembrance, though unspoken,
> May reach him where he lives."

There is something so tender, so gentle, and so woman-like in the nature of Mr. Longfellow, that his poems imbibe it bountifully, and it brings them home to the heart, and not the mind alone, and what the heart loves and admires, will linger long ere time can obliterate it. He is yet a Professor in Harvard University, and resides at Cambridge, in the old mansion once the head-quarters of George Washington, and of which he writes, in a poem, "To a Child":—

> Once, ah, once within these walls,
> One whom Memory oft recalls,
> The FATHER of his Country dwelt.
> And yonder meadows broad and damp,

The fires of the besieging camp
Encircled with a burning belt.
Up and down these echoing stairs,
Heavy with the weight of cares,
Sounded his majestic tread;
Yes, within this very room,
Sat he in those hours of gloom,
Weary both in heart and head.

In England, and many other countries, Mr. Longfellow is considered the most distinguished poet of America. Gilfillan, in his English work, published in London, entitled, "Literary Men," in which Mr. Longfellow is the only American author included, thus speaks of his style and characteristics:—

"The distinguishing qualities of Longfellow seem to be, beauty of imagination, delicacy of taste, wide sympathy, and mild earnestness, expressing themselves sometimes in form of quaint and fantastic fancy, but always in chaste and simple language. His fertile imagination sympathizes more with the correct, the classical, and the refined, than with that outer and sterner world, where dwell the dreary, the rude, the fierce, and the terrible shapes of things. The scenery he describes best is the storied richness of the Rhine, or the golden glories of the Indian summer, or the environs of the old Nova-Scotian village, or the wide billowing prairie; and not those vast forests, where a path for the sunbeams must be hewn, nor those wildernesses of snow, where the storm and the wing of the Condor divide the sovereignty. In the midst of such dreadful solitudes, his genius rather shivers and cowers, than rises and reigns.

"He is a spirit of the Beautiful, more than the Sublime; he has lain on the lap of Loveliness, and not been dandled, like a lion-cub, on the knees of Terror. The magic he wields, though soft, is true and strong. If not a prophet, torn by a secret burden, and uttering it in wild, tumultuous strains, he is a genuine poet who has sought for, and found inspiration, now in the story and scenery of his own country, and now in the lays and legends of other lands, whose native vein, in itself exquisite, has been by him highly cultivated and delicately cherished. It is to us a proof of Longfellow's originality, that he bears so well and meekly his load of accomplishments and acquirements. His ornaments, unlike those of the Sabine maid, have not crushed him, nor impeded the motions of his own mind. He has transmuted

a lore, gathered from many languages, into a quick and rich flame, which we feel to be the flame of Genius. It is evident that his principal obligations are due to German literature, which over him, as over so many at the present day, exerts a certain wild witchery, and is tasted with all the sweetness of forbidden fruit. No writer in America has more steeped his soul in the spirit of German poetry, its blended homeliness and romance, its simplicity and fantastic emphasis, than Longfellow. And if he does not often trust himself amidst the weltering chaos of its philosophers, you see him lured by their fascination, hanging over their brink, and rapt in wonder at their strange, gigantic, and evershifting forms. Indeed his "Hyperion" contains two or three exquisite bits of trancendantalism. * * * His poetry is that of sentiment, rather than of thought. But the sentiment is never false, nor strained, nor mawkish. It is always mild, generally manly, and sometimes it approaches the sublime. It touches both the female part of man's mind, and the masculine part of woman's. He can at one time start unwonted tears in the eyes of men, and at another kindle on the cheek of women, a glorious glow of emotion, which the term blush cannot adequately measure; as far superior to it as the splendor of a sunset to the bloom of a peach.

"Besides his quality of generous, genial, manhood, Longfellow is distinguished by a mild religious earnestness. We do not vouch for the orthodoxy of his creed, but we do vouch for the firm Christianity of his spirit. No poet has more beautifully expressed the depth of his conviction, that life is an earnest reality,—a something with eternal issues and dependencies; that this earth is no scene of revelry, or market of sale, but an arena of contest, and a hall of doom. This is the inspiration of his "Psalm of Life," than which we have few things finer, in moral tone, since those odes by which the millions of Israel, tuned their march across the wilderness, and to which the fiery pillar seemed to listen with complacency, and to glow out a deeper crimson, in silent praise. To man's now wilder, more struggling, but still more God-guided and hopeful progress, towards a land of fairer promise, Longfellow's "Psalm" is a noble accompaniment."

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

AN EXTRACT.(a)

VICTORIAN.

Our feelings and our thoughts
Tend ever on, and rest not in the Present.
As drops of rain fall into some dark well,
And from below comes a scarce audible sound,
So fall our thoughts into the dark Hereafter,
And their mysterious echo reaches us.

PRECIOSA.

I have felt it so, but found no words to say it!
I cannot reason; I can only feel!
But thou hast language for all thoughts and feelings.
Thou art a scholar; and sometimes I think
We cannot walk together in this world!
The distance that divides us is too great!
Henceforth thy pathway lies among the stars;
I must not hold thee back.

VICTORIAN.

Thou little skeptic!
Dost thou still doubt? What I most prize in woman
Is her affections, not her intellect!

The intellect is finite; but the affections
Are infinite, and cannot be exhausted.
Compare me with the great men of the earth;
What am I? Why, a pigmy among giants!
But if thou lovest, — mark me! I say lovest,
The greatest of th ysex excels thee not!
The world of affections is thy world,
Not that of man's ambition. In that stillness
Which most becomes a woman, calm and holy,
Thou sittest by the fireside of the heart,
Feeding its flame. The element of fire
Is pure. It cannot change nor hide its nature,
But burns as brightly in a Gipsy camp
As in a palace hall. Art thou convinced?

PRECIOSA.

Yes, that I love thee, as the good love heaven;
But not that I am worthy of that heaven.
How shall I more deserve it?

VICTORIAN.

By loving more.

PRECIOSA.

I cannot love thee more; my heart is full.

VICTORIAN.

Then let it overflow, and I will drink it,
As in the summer-time the thirsty sands
Drink the swift waters of the Manganares,
And still do thirst for more.

* * * * * *

VICTORIAN.

She lies asleep,
And from her parted lips, her gentle breath
Comes like the fragrance from the lips of flowers.
Her tender limbs are still, and on her breast
The cross she prayed to, e'er she fell asleep,
Rises and falls with the soft tide of dreams,
Like a light barque safe moored.

HYPOLITO.

Which means, in prose,
She's sleeping with her mouth a little open!

VICTORIAN.

O, would I had the old magician's glass
To see her as she lives in child-like sleep!

HYPOLITO.

And wouldst thou venture?

VICTORIAN.

Ay, indeed I would!

HYPOLITO.

Thou art courageous. Hast thou e'er reflected
How much lies hidden in that one word, *now*?

VICTORIAN.

Yes; all the awful history of Life!
I oft have thought, my dear Hypolito,
That could we, by some spell of magic, change
The world and its inhabitants to stone,
In the same attitudes they now are in,
What fearful glances downward might we cast
Into the hollow chasms of human life!
What groups should we behold about the death-bed,
Putting to shame the group of Niobe!
What joyful welcomes, and what sad farewells!
What stony tears in those congealed eyes!
What visible joy or anguish on those cheeks!
What bridal pomps, and what funeral shows!
What foes, like gladiators, fierce and struggling!
What lovers with their marble lips together!

HYPOLITO.

Ay, there it is! and, if I were in love,
That is the very point I most should dread.
This magic glass, these magic spells of thine,
Might tell a tale 't were better left untold.

* * * * * *

HYPOLITO.

With much truth in it.
I hope thou wilt profit by it; and in earnest
Try to forget this lady of thy love.

VICTORIAN.

I will forget her! All dear recollections
Pressed in my heart like flowers within a book,
Shall be torn out, and scattered to the winds!
I will forget her! But perhaps hereafter,
When she shall learn how heartless is this world,
And she will say, 'He was indeed my friend!'
O, would I were a soldier, not a scholar,
That the loud march, the deafening beat of drums,
The shattering blast of the brass-throated trumpet,
The din of arms, the onslaught and the storm,
And a swift death might make me deaf forever
To the upbraidings of this foolish heart!

HYPOLITO.

Then let that foolish heart upbraid no more!
To conquer love, one need but *will* to conquer.

VICTORIAN.

Yet good Hypolito, it is in vain
I throw into Oblivion's sea the sword
That pierces me; for, like Excalibar,
With gemmed and flushing hilt, it will not sink.
There rises from below a hand that grasps it,
And waves it in the air; and wailing voices
Are heard along the shore.

HYPOLITO.

And yet at last
Down sank Excalibar to rise no more.
This is not well. In truth it vexes me.

Instead of whistling to the steeds of Time,
To make them jog on more merrily with life's burden,
Like a dead weight thou hangest on the wheels.
Thou art too young, too full of lusty health
To talk of dying.

VICTORIAN.

Yet I fain would die!
To go through life, unloving and unloved;
To feel that thirst and hunger of the soul
We cannot still; that longing, that wild impulse,
And struggle after something we have not
And cannot love; the effort to be strong;
And like the Spartan boy, to smile, and smile,
While secret wounds do bleed beneath our cloaks;
All this the dead feel not, — the dead alone!
Would I were with them!

HYPOLITO.

We shall all be soon.

VICTORIAN.

It cannot be too soon; for I am weary
Of this bewildering masquerade of Life,
Where strangers walk as friends, and friends as strangers;
Where whispers overheard betray false hearts;
And through the mazes of the crowd we chase
Some form of loveliness, that smiles and beckons,
And cheats us with fair words, only to leave us
A mockery and a jest; maddened, — confused, —
Not knowing friend from foe.

HYPOLITO.

Why seek to know?
Enjoy the merry shrove-tide of thy youth!
Take each fair mask for what it gives itself,
Nor strive to look beneath it.

VICTORIAN.

I confess,
That were the wiser part. But Hope no longer
Comforts my soul. I am a wretched man,
Much like a poor and shipwrecked mariner,
Who, struggling to climb up into the boat,
Has both his bruised and bleeding hands cut off,
And sinks again into the weltering sea,
Helpless and hopeless!

HYPOLITO.

Yet thou shalt not perish.
The strength of thine own arm is thy salvation.
Above thy head, through rifted clouds, there shines
A glorious star. Be patient. Trust thy star!

* * * * * *

A PSALM OF LIFE.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
'Life is but an empty dream!'
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,'
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife.

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act, — act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of Time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still aching, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat
He earns whatever he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in and week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like the chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, — rejoicing, — sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

I HAVE read in some old marvellous tale,
Some legend strange and vague,
That a midnight host of spectres pale
Beleaguered the walls of Prague.

Beside the Moldar's rushing stream,
With the wan moon overhead,
There stood, as in an awful dream,
The army of the dead.

White as a sea-fog, landward bound,
The spectral camp was seen,
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
The river flowed between.

No other voice nor sound was there,
No drum, nor sentry's pace;
The mist-like banners clasped the air,
As clouds with clouds embrace.

But, when the old cathedral bell
Proclaimed the morning prayer,
The white pavilions rose and fell
On the alarmèd air.

Down the broad valley, fast and far
The troubled army fled;
Up rose the glorious morning star,
The ghastly host was dead.

I have read, in the marvellous heart of man,
That strange and mystic scroll,
Than an army of phantoms vast and wan
Beleaguer the human soul.

Encamped beside Life's rushing stream,
In Fancy's misty light,
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam
Portentious through the night.

Upon its midnight battle-ground
The spectral camp is seen,
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
Flows the River of Life between.

No other voice, nor sound is there,
In the army of the grave;
No other challenge breaks the air,
But the rushing of Life's wave.

And, when the solemn and deep church-bell
Entreats the soul to pray,
The midnight phantoms feel the spell,
The shadows sweep away.

Down the broad Vale of Tears afar
The spectral camp is fled:
Faith shineth as a morning star,
Our ghastly fears are dead.

PHANTOMS.

All houses wherein men have lived and died
  Are haunted houses. Through the open doors
The harmless phantoms on their errands glide,
  With feet that make no sound upon the floors.

We meet them at the doorway, on the stair,
  Along the passage they come and go,
Impalpable impressions on the air,
  A sense of something moving to and fro.

There are more guests at table than the hosts
  Invited; the illuminated hall
Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive ghosts,
  As silent as the pictures on the wall.

The stranger at my fireside cannot see
  The forms I see, nor hear the sounds I hear:
He but perceives what is; while unto me
  All that has been is visible and clear.

We have no title-deeds to house or lands;
  Owners and occupants of earlier dates
From graves forgotten stretch their dusty hands
  And hold in mortmain still their old estates.

The spirit world around this world of sense
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapors dense,
A vital breath of more ethereal air.

Our little lives are kept in equipoise
By opposite attractions and desires;
The struggle of the instinct that enjoys
And the more noble instinct that aspires.

The perturbations, the perpetual jar
Of earthly wants and aspirations high,
Come from the influence of that unseen star —
That undiscovered planet in our sky.

And as the moon, from some dark gate of cloud,
Throws o'er the sea a floating bridge of light,
Across whose trembling plank our fancies crowd,
Into the realms of mystery and night,

So from the world of spirits there descends
A bridge of light, connecting it with this,
O'er whose unsteady floor, that sways and bends,
Under our thoughts above the dark abyss.

RESIGNATION.

There is no flock however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair.

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel for her children crying,
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly thro' the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but sad, funeral tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portals we call Death.

She is not dead, — the child of our affection, —
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year her tender steps pursuing
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppress'd,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling,
We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have sway.

A PASSING THOUGHT.

O WHAT a glory doth this world put on
For him who, with a fervent heart goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky and looks
On duties well performed, and days well spent!
For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings.
He shall so hear the solemn hymn, that Death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his long resting-place without a tear.

EXCELSIOR.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device —
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath,
Flashed like a faulchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

'Try not the Pass!' the old man said;
'Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!'
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

'O stay,' the maiden said, 'and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!'
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior!

'Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!'
This was the peasant's last Good-night,
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of St. Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air
Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device
Excelsior!

There in the twilight, cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior!

GOD'S-ACRE.

I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls
The burial-ground God's-Acre! It is just;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's-Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those, who in the grave have sown
The seed, that they had garnered in their hearts,
Their bread of life, alas! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith, that we shall rise again
At the great harvest, when the arch-angel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
In the fair gardens of that second birth;
And each bright blossom, mingle its perfume
With that of flowers, which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod,
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;
This is the field and Acre of our God,
This is the place, where human harvests grow!

THE RAINY DAY.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

Nathaniel Parker Willis.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

May slighted woman turn,
And, as a vine the oak hath shaken off,
Bend lightly to her leaning trust again?
O No! by all her loveliness—by all
That makes life poetry and beauty, no!
Make her a slave; steal from her rosy cheek
By needless jealousies; let the last star
Leave her a watcher by your couch of pain;
Wrong her by petulence, suspicion, all
That makes her cup a bitterness—yet give
One evidence of love, and earth has not
An emblem of devotedness like her.
But oh! estrange her once—it boots not how—
By wrong or silence—anything that tells
A change has come upon your tenderness,—
And there is not a feeling out of heaven
Her pride o'ermastereth not.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

AGE, 47 YEARS.

N. P. Willis is a native of the city of Portland, where he was born on the twentieth day of January, 1807. His early years were mostly spent in Boston and vicinity. He received his preparatory education at the Phillips Academy, in Andover, Mass., and entered Yale College, New-Haven, at an early age, and was graduated from it in 1827. Before he had attained the age of twenty, Mr. Willis won for himself a then extended and somewhat enduring popularity, by his sacred poems and sketches. He soon after published, in 1828, a "Poem, delivered before the Society of United Brothers of Brown University," and his "Sketches," which were well received. For two years succeeding, he was editor and proprietor of a literary periodical, under the title of "The American Monthly Magazine," which, in 1830, was merged into the New-York Mirror, with which he became connected. The following year he went to England, where he became very familiar with the leading literary men, and many of the most distinguished personages, of whom he wrote with an unlicensed familiarity, in his "First Impressions" of the country, people, &c., in a series of letters published in the "Mirror," and which were afterwards collected and issued in a volume, in London. The freedom with which he gave private gossip with distinguished men, to the public, caused the volume to be justly and very severely criticised, and also led to unfriendly troubles. It is one of Mr. Willis' greatest faults, that he allows himself to give to the public eye, what his own mind should tell him was intended only for his private ear.

In 1837, Mr. Willis returned to the United States, bringing with him his wife, an accomplished English lady, to whom he was married in 1835. In a poem to his mother, he affectionately refers to her as follows:—

But there's a change, beloved mother!
To stir far deeper thoughts of thine;
I come—but with me comes another
To share the heart once only mine!
Thou, on whose thoughts, when sad and lonely,
One star arose in memory's heaven—
Thou who hast watched *one* treasure only—
Water'd *one* flower with tears at even—
Room in thy heart! The hearth she left
Is darkened to lend light to ours!
There are bright flowers of care bereft,
And hearts—that languish more than flowers;
She was their light—their very air—
Room, mother! in thy heart! place for her in thy prayer!

This lady is said to have been a most excellent wife, and made the poet's home a place of happiness and love. She died a few years after, and he married for a second wife, a Miss Grinnell, of New-York city. On his return, he retired to a beautiful country retreat,—"Glenmary," situated on the Susquehanna river, and in one of the most beautiful and romantic portions of the Empire State. He thus alludes, with a beautiful thankfulness, in a "Reverie at Glenmary," to the prosperity and happiness that he there enjoyed.

I have enough, O God! My heart to night
Runs over with its fulness of content.

Rich, though poor;
My low roof'd cottage is this hour a heaven.

O Thou who lookest
Upon my brimming heart this tranquil eve,
Knowest its fulness, as thou dost the dew
Sent to the hidden violet by Thee.

Since then, time and fortune have changed his lot, and other feet now wander amid those once loved scenes, and other voices resound within the walls of that low roofed cottage, once so full of happiness. Mr. Willis made a second visit to England, in 1839, and while there, published several popular works, which were well received, and had an extensive sale. The following year he returned home

again, and soon after published "Letters from under a Bridge," and a volume of his "Poems." Since then he has published numerous volumes, among which are "Life Here and There"—"People I Have Met"—"Hurry Graphs"—"Fun Jottings"—"Health Trip to the Tropics"—"Summer Cruise in the Mediterranean"—"Famous Persons and Places;"—also a number of illustrated volumes of History, &c., for London houses. He now resides at "Idlewild," his beautiful summer residence, situated upon the bank of the Hudson, and where he is still devoted to the literature of fashionable life. He is also connected with George P. Morris, the poet, as editor and proprietor of the "Home Journal," one of the ablest literary weeklies in this country.

Since writing the foregoing brief sketch, we have received the painful intelligence that Mr. Willis is now in very feeble health, and failing daily, and we are fearful that the pen that has often beguiled our leisure hours with a sprightly, charming interest, will soon be laid aside, never more to be resumed. We shall miss him. He has written as no other can. There was an originality,—in fact, a particular and peculiar branch of literature that suited his talent, and in which he was excelled by none. But now the blighting influence that heralds the approach of death, has silenced, perhaps forever, his fruitful pen. He is a bright star in the literary firmament, that going out, still retains its brilliant light, glowing with a purer and holier softness as it disappears from our view. We cannot refrain from including here, a brief portion of Mr. Willis' last letter, and the remarks of the poet Bryant, of the New-York 'Evening Post':

"But consumption, mourned over as it is, seems to me a gentle untying of the knot of life, instead of the sudden and harsh tearing asunder of its threads by other disease—a tenderness in the destroying angel, as it were, which greatly softens, for some, his inevitable errand to all. It is a decay with little or no pain, insensible almost in its progress, delayed sometimes, year after year, in its more fatal approaches. And it is not alone in its indulgent prolonging and deferring, that consumption is like a blessing. The cords which it first loosens are the coarser ones most confining to the mind. The weight of the material senses is gradually taken from the soul with the lightening of their food and the lessening of their strength. Probably, till he owns himself an invalid, no man has ever given the wings of his spirit room enough—few, if any, have thought to adjust the min-

isterings to body and soul so as to subdue the senses to their secondary place and play. With illness enough for this, and not enough to distress or weaken—with consumption, in other words, as most commonly experienced—the mind becomes conscious of a wonderfully new freedom and predominance. Things around alter their value. Estimates of persons and pursuits strangely change. Nature seems as newly beautiful as if a film had fallen from the eyes. The purer affections, the simpler motives, the humbler and more secluded reliances for sympathy, are found to have been the closest-linked with thoughts bolder and freer. Who has not wondered at the cheerfulness of consumptive persons? It is because, with the senses kept under by invalid treatment, there is no "depression of spirits." With careful regimen and the system purified and disciplined, life, what there is of it, is in the most exhilerating balance of its varied proportions. Death is not dreaded where there is, thus, such a conscious breaking through of the wings of another life, freer and higher."

* * * * * * *

"And here the 'Letters from Idlewild' come to an end. The author has thus long, not too long, he trusts—made the readers of the 'Home Journal' guests at his home. . . . . He assures these kind thousands that the memory of their sympathetic feelings will be tenderly cherished in his heart, though the gate of 'Idlewild' is here shut upon the pen, that is their servant."

The reader cannot fail to observe the calm and yielding resignation to his fate, that is revealed in the foregoing closing portion of Mr. Willis' farewell letter from 'Idlewild.' Mr. Bryant says of it,

"We have read with deep emotion, the valedictory letter of Mr. Willis, from 'Idlewild.' Death, after all, with all the gilding from the sunlight beyond, is a dark cloud to pass through; and the last parting with those who have done much to brighten this side of the mysterious valley for us, as they step down into its shadows, is not easy. Mr. Willis is one of the most fascinating writers in the English language—and who, to-day, will remember anything of his productions but their excellences? This letter will moisten eyes in widely-scattered homes, where the face and form of the author are unknown, but where his writings have beguiled many an hour of its weariness. It is like the love music of a long familiar harp, whose chords we know are breaking."

THE CONFESSIONAL.

When thou hast met with careless hearts and cold,
Hearts that young love may touch, but never hold,—
Not changeless, as the loved and left of old—
Remember me—remember me—
I passionately pray of thee!

LADY E. S. WORTLEY.

I THOUGHT of thee — I thought of thee,
On ocean many a weary night —
When heaved the long and sullen sea,
With only waves and stars in sight.
We stole along by isles of balm,
We furl'd before the coming gale,
We slept amid the breathless calm,
We flew beneath the straining sail —
But thou wert lost for years to me,
And, day and night, I thought of thee!

I thought of thee — I thought of thee,
In France — amid the gay saloon,
Where eyes, as dark as eyes may be
Are many as the leaves in June —
Where life is love, and even the air
Is prægnant with impassion'd thought,
And song and dance and music are
With one warm meaning fraught —
My half-snared heart broke lightly free,
And, with a blush, I thought of thee.

I thought of thee — I thought of thee,
In Florence — where the fiery hearts
Of Italy are breathed away
In wonders of the deathless arts;
Where strays the Contadina down
Val d'Arno with a song of old;
Where clime and woman seldom frown,
And life runs over sands of gold;
I stray'd to lone Fiesolé
On many an eve, and thought of thee.

I thought of thee — I thought of thee,
In Rome, — when on the Palatine
Night left the Cæsars' palace free
To Time's forgetful foot and mine;
Or, on the Coliseum's wall,
When moonlight touch'd the ivied stone,
Reclining, with a thought of all
That o'er this scene has come and gone —
The shades of Rome would start and flee
Unconsciously — I thought of thee.

I thought of thee — I thought of thee,
In Vallombrosia's holy shade,
Where nobles born the friars be
By life's rude changes humbler made.
Here Milton framed his Paradise;
I slept within his very cell;
And, as I closed my weary eyes,
I thought the cowl would fit me well —
The cloisters breathed, it seem'd to me,
Of heart's-ease — but I thought of thee.

I thought of thee — I thought of thee,
In Venice, — on a night in June;
When, through the city of the sea,
Like dust of silver slept the moon.
Slow turn'd his oar the gondolier,
And, as the black barks glided by,
The water to my leaning ear
Bore back the lover's passing sigh —
It was no place alone to be —
I thought of thee — I thought of thee.

I thought of thee — I thought of thee,
In the Ionian isles — when straying
With wise Ulysses by the sea —
Old Homer's songs around me playing;
Or, watching the bewitch'd caique,
That o'er the star-lit waters flew,
I listen'd to the helmsman Greek,
Who sung the song that Sappho knew —
The poet's spell, the bark, the sea,
All vanish'd — as I thought of thee.

I thought of thee — I thought of thee,
In Greece — when rose the Parthenon
Majestic o'er the Egean sea,
And heroes with it, one by one;
When, in the grove of Academe,
Where Lais and Leontium stray'd
Discussing Plato's mystic theme,
I lay at noontide in the shade —
The Egean wind, the whispering tree,
Had voices — and I thought of thee.

I thought of thee — I thought of thee,
In Asia — on the Dardanelles;
Where swiftly as the waters flee,
Each wave some sweet old story tells;
And, seated by the marble tank
Which sleeps by Ilium's ruins old,
(The fount where peerless Helen drank,
And Venus laved her locks of gold,) (*b*)
I thrill'd such classic haunts to see,
Yet even here — I thought of thee

I thought of thee — I thought of thee,
Where glide the Bosphor's lovely waters,
All palace-lined from sea to sea;
And ever on its shores the daughters
Of the delicious East are seen,
Printing the brink with slipper'd feet;
And oh, the snowy folds between,
What eyes of heaven your glances meet!
Peris of light no fairer be —
Yes — in Stamboul — I thought of thee.

I've thought of thee — I've thought of thee,
Through change that teaches to forget;
Thy face looks up from every sea,
In every star thine eyes are set,
Though roving beneath Orient skies,
Whose golden beauty breathes of rest;
I envy every bird that flies
Into the far and clouded West:
I think of thee — I think of thee!
Oh, dearest! hast thou thought of me?

THOUGHTS

WHILE MAKING A GRAVE FOR A NEW-BORN CHILD.

Room, gentle flowers! my child would pass to heaven!
Ye look'd not for her yet with your soft eyes,
O watchful ushers at Death's narrow door!
But lo! while you delay to let her forth,
Angels, beyond, stay for her! One long kiss
From lips all pale with agony, and tears,
Wrung after anguish had dried up with fire
The eyes that wept, were the cup of life
Held as a welcome to her. Weep! oh, mother!
But not that from this cup of bitterness
A cherub of the sky has turn'd away.

One look upon thy face ere thou depart!
My daughter! It is soon to let thee go!
My daughter! With thy birth has gush'd a spring
I knew not of — filling my heart with tears,
And turning with strange tenderness to thee —
A love — oh, God! it seems so — which must flow
Far as thou fleest, and 'twixt heaven and me,
Henceforward, be a bright and yearning chain
Drawing me after thee! And so, farewell!
'Tis a harsh world, in which affection knows
No place to treasure up its loved and lost
But the lone grave.

Thou, who so late wast sleeping
Warm in the close fold of a mother's heart,
Scarce from her breast a single pulse receiving,
But it was sent thee with some tender thought,
How can I leave thee, *here!* Alas — for man!
The herb in its humility may fall
And waste into the bright and genial air,
While we — by hands that minister'd in life
Nothing but love to us — are thrust away,
The earth thrown in upon our just cold bosoms,
And the warm sunshine trodden out forever!

Yet have I chosen for thy grave, my child,
A bank where I have lain in summer hours!
And thought how little it would seem like death
To sleep amid such loveliness. The brook
Tripping with laughter down the rocky steps
That lead up to thy bed, would still trip on,
Breaking the dread hush of the mourners gone;
The birds are never silent that build here,
Trying to sing down the more vocal waters:
The slope is beautiful with moss and flowers,
And far below, seen under arching leaves,
Glitters the warm sun on the village spire,
Pointing the living after thee.

And this seems like a comfort; and, replacing now
The flowers that have made room for thee, I go
To whisper the same peace to her who lies —
Robb'd of her child — and lonely. 'Tis the work
Of many a dark hour, and of many a prayer,
To bring the heart back from an infant gone.

Hope must give o'er, and busy fancy blot
The images from all the silent rooms,
And every sight and sound familiar to her
Undo its sweetest link — and so at last
The fountain — that, once struck, must flow forever —
Will hide and waste in silence. When the smile
Steals to her pallid lip again, and Spring
Wakens its buds above thee, we will come,
And, standing by thy music-haunted grave,
Look on each other cheerfully, and say : —
A child that we have loved is gone to heaven,
And by this gate of flowers she pass'd away !

FILIAL LOVE.

Mother ! dear mother ! the feeling nurst
As I hung at thy bosom, clung round thee first.
'Twas the earliest link in love's warm chain ;
'Tis the only one that will long remain ;
And as, year by year, and day by day,
Some friend still trusted drops away,
Mother ! dear mother ! oh, dost thou see
How the shorten'd chain brings me nearer thee !

THE ANNOYER.

Common as light is love,
And its familiar voice wearies not ever.—SHELLEY.

LOVE knoweth every form of air,
And every shape of earth,
And comes, unbidden, everywhere,
Like thought's mysterious birth.
The moonlit sea and the sunset sky
Are written with Love's words,
And you hear his voice unceasingly,
Like song in the time of birds.

He peeps into the warrior's heart
From the tip of a stooping plume,
And the serried spears and the many men
May not deny him room.
He'll come to his tent in the weary night,
And be busy in his dream;
And he'll float to his eye in morning light
Like a fay on a silver beam.

He hears the sound of the hunter's gun,
And rides on the echo back,
And sighs in his ear, like a stirring leaf,
And flits in his woodland track.
The shade of the wood, and the sheen of the river,
The cloud and the open sky —
He will haunt them all with his subtle quiver,
Like the light of your very eye.

The fisher hangs over the leaning boat,
And ponders the silver sea,
For love is under the surface hid,
And a spell of thought has he.
He heaves the wave like a bosom sweet,
And speaks in the ripple low,
Till the bait is gone from the crafty line,
And the hook hangs bare below.

He blurs the print of the scholar's book,
And intrudes in the maiden's prayer,
And profanes the cell of the holy man,
In the shape of a lady fair.
In the darkest night, and the bright daylight,
In earth, and sea, and sky,
In every home of human thought,
Will Love be lurking nigh.

PARRHASIUS.

How like a mounting devil in the heart
Rules the unreined ambition! (c)

'Bring me the captive now!
My hand feels skillful, and the shadows lift
From my waked spirit airily and swift,
And I could paint the bow
Upon the bended heavens — around me play
Colours of such divinity to-day.

'Ha! bind him on his back!
Look! — as Prometheus in my picture here!
Quick — or he faints! — stand with the cordial near!
Now — bend him to the rack!
Press down the poison'd links into his flesh!
And tear agape that healing wound afresh!

'So — let him writhe! How long
Will he live thus? Quick, my good pencil, now!
What a fine agony works upon his brow!
Ha! gray hair'd, and so strong!
How fearfully he stifles that short moan!
Gods! if I could but paint a dying groan!

'Pity thee! So I do!
I pity the dumb victim at the altar —
But does the robed priest for his *pity* falter?
I'd rack thee though I knew
A thousand lives were perishing in thine —
What were ten thousand to a fame like mine?

'"Hereafter"! Ay — *hereafter!*
A whip to keep a coward to his track!
What gave Death ever from his kingdom back
To check the skeptic's laughter?
Come from the grave to-morrow with that story —
And I may take some softer path to glory.

'No, no, old man! we die
Even as the flowers, and we shall breathe away
Our life upon the chance wind, even as they!
Strain well thy fainting eye —
For when that bloodshot quivering is o'er,
The light of heaven will never reach thee more.

'Yet there's a deathless *name!*
A spirit that the smothering vault shall spurn,
And like a steadfast planet mount and burn —
And though its crown of flame
Consumed my brain to ashes as it shone,
By all the fiery stars! I'd bind it on!

'Ay — though it bid me rifle
My heart's last fount for its insatiate thirst —
Though every life-strung nerve be madden'd first —
Though it should bid me stifle
The yearning in my throat for my sweet child,
And taunt its mother till my brain went wild —

'All — I would do it all —
Sooner than die, like a dull worm, to rot —
Thrust foully into earth to be forgot!
Oh heavens! — but I appal
Your heart, old man! forgive — ha! on your lives
Let him not faint! — rack him till he revives!

'Vain — vain — give o'er! His eye
Glazes apace. He does not feel you now —
Stand back! I'll paint the death dew on his brow!
Gods! if he do not die
But for *one* moment — one — till I eclipse
Conception with the scorn of those calm lips!

'Shivering! Hark! he mutters
Brokenly now — that was a difficult breath —
Another? Wilt thou never come, oh Death!
Look! how his temple flutters!
Is his heart still? Aha! lift up his head!
He shudders—gasps—Jove help him!—so—he's dead.'

THE BELFRY PIGEON.

On the cross-beam under the Old South bell
The nest of a pigeon is builded well.
In summer and winter that bird is there,
Out and in with the morning air:
I love to see him track the street,
With his wary eye and active feet;
And I often watch him as he springs,
Circling the steeple with easy wings,
Till across the dial his shade has pass'd,
And the belfry edge is gain'd at last.

'Tis a bird I love, with its brooding note,
And the trembling throb in its mottled throat;
There's a human look in its swelling breast,
And the gentle curve of its lowly crest;
And I often stop with the fear I feel —
He runs so close to the rapid wheel.
Whatever is rung on that noisy bell —
Chime of the hour or funeral knell —
The dove in the belfry must hear it well.
When the tongue swings out to the midnight moon —
When the sexton cheerly rings for noon —
When the clock strikes clear at morning light —
When the child is waked with 'nine at night' —
When the chimes play soft in the Sabbath air,

Filling the spirit with tones of prayer —
Whatever tale in the bell is heard,
He broods on his folded feet unstirr'd,
Or, rising half in his rounded nest,
He takes the time to smooth his breast,
Then drops again with filmed eyes,
And sleeps as the last vibration dies.

Sweet bird! I would that I could be
A hermit in the crowd like thee!
With wings to fly to wood and glen,
Thy lot, like mine, is cast with men;
And daily, with unwilling feet,
I tread, like thee, the crowded street;

But, unlike me, when day is o'er,
Thou canst dismiss the world and soar,
Or, at a half-felt wish for rest,
Canst smooth the feathers on thy breast,
And drop, forgetful, to thy nest.

TIRED OF PLAY.

TO A PICTURE OF A CHILD AT PLAY.

Tired of play! Tired of play!
What hast thou done this livelong day?
The birds are silent, and so is the bee;
The sun is creeping up steeple and tree;
The doves have flown to the sheltering eaves,
And the nests are dark with the drooping leaves;
Twilight gathers, and day is done —
How hast thou spent it — restless one?

Playing! But what hast thou done beside
To tell thy mother at eventide?
What promise of morn is left unbroken?
What kind word to thy playmate spoken?
Whom hast thou pitied, and whom forgiven?
How with thy faults has duty striven?
What hast thou learn'd by field and hill,
By greenwood path, and singing rill?

There will come an eve to a longer day,
That will find thee tired — but not of play!
And thou wilt lean — as thou leanest now,
With drooping limbs and aching brow,
And wish the shadows would faster creep,
And long to go to thy quiet sleep.
Well were it then if thine aching brow
Were as free from sin and shame as now!

Well for thee, if thy lip could tell
A tale like this, of a day spent well.
If thine open hand had relieved distress —
If thy pity had sprung to wretchedness —
If thou hast forgiven the sore offence,
And humbled thy heart with penitence —
If Nature's voices have spoken to thee
With her holy meanings eloquently —

If every creature hath won thy love,
From the creeping worm to the brooding dove —
If never a sad, low spoken word
Hath plead with thy human heart unheard —
Then, when the night steals on, as now,
It will bring relief to thine aching brow,
And, with joy and peace at the thought of rest,
Thou wilt sink to sleep on thy mother's breast.

APRIL.

A violet by a mossy stone,
Half-hidden from the eye,
Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky.—WORDSWORTH.

I HAVE found violets! April hath come on,
And the cool winds feel softer, and the rain
Falls in the beaded drops of summer-time.
You may hear birds at morning and at eve,
The tame dove lingers till the twilight falls,
Cooing upon the eaves, and drawing in
His beautiful, bright neck; and, from the hills,
A murmur like the hoarseness of the sea,
Tells the release of waters, and the earth
Sends up a pleasant smell, and the dry leaves
Are lifted by the grass; and so I know
That Nature, with her delicate ear, hath heard
The dropping of the velvet foot of Spring.
Take of my violets! I found them where
The liquid south stole o'er them, on a bank
That lean'd to running water. There's to me
A daintiness about these early flowers,
That touches me like poetry. They blow
With such a simple loveliness among
The common herbs of pasture, and breathe out
Their lives so unobtrusively, like hearts
Whose beatings are too gentle for the world.
I love to go in the capricious days

Of April and hunt violets, when the rain
Is in the blue cups trembling, and they nod
So gracefully to the kisses of the wind.
It may be deem'd too idle, but the young
Read nature like the manuscript of Heaven,
And call the flowers its poetry. Go out!
Ye spirits of habitual unrest,
And read it, when the 'fever of the world'
Hath made your hearts impatient, and, if life
Hath yet one spring unpoison'd, it will be
Like a beguiling music to its flow,
And you will no more wonder that I love
To hunt for violets in the April-time.

Benjamin Bussey Thatcher.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

Beautiful Evening! my bewildered brain
And aching bosom, with fond orisons, bless
The coming of thy shadows—faint with pain, (*d*)
And yearning for the hours of quietness
That follow the twilight. The fair morn
Unfurls o'er Eastern hills her dolphin dyes;
But O majestic Eve, to thee I turn
With heart enchanted, and undazzled eyes,
Give me to breathe thy fragrance. Where the dews
Clasp with their delicate arms the violet-bell.
Give me to wander where the stream doth choose
Its murmuring journey down the dim green dell
With chary dainties. There would I bow
Unto thy silver glories, as before
The Persian worshipped—with a better vow,
And a diviner spirit, than of yore.
Then grant me thy communion. Swell my soul
With the sweet awe of silence. Look on me
With the bright stars of thy resplendent pole—
And let me learn *their* teachings. I shall be
A worshipper of Heaven. I shall dream
Of the high land I long for. I shall see
The stirring of the myriad palm-boughs and gleam
Of seraphs pinions. From the boundless throng
Of the unnumbered holy, I shall hear
Faintly, the choral anthem. So the song
Of Ocean's surges falls upon the ear
Of slumbering mariner—and so the bird
That loves the sombre night, o'er the far wave is heard.

BENJAMIN BUSSEY THATCHER.

DIED, AGED 31 YEARS.

B. B. THATCHER was the third son of the Hon. Samuel Thatcher, of Bangor, and was born in the town of Warren, on the eighth day of October, 1809. He received his early education at the Warren Academy, and entered Bowdoin College, one year in advance, at the age of thirteen years, and graduated with distinction, in 1823. A short time after this, he became a student in the law office of Messrs. Hill & Starrett, at Bangor, in which city his father and brother resided. He remained there for some time, and then removed to Boston, and finished his law studies with the Hon. Elijah Morse, and on his admission to the Suffolk Bar, became associated in practice with William Brigham, Esq. While residing in Bangor, he did much towards the improvement and mental culture of the citizens, by the establishment of a "Debating Club," which afterwards became merged into a "Lyceum," and was the means of contributing much to the happiness and intellectual improvement of its members. We believe he also, in connection, established a literary journal.

Mr. Thatcher commenced his literary career, in the city of Boston, as a contributor to the leading Magazines and Journals then published, and among them was the "New-England Magazine," to which Longfellow, Tuckerman, Lowell, Benjamin, Holmes, Emerson, Winthrop, and other distinguished literary men contributed, with whom he was an associate. His only published works are, "Indian Biography," and "Indian Traits," although at his death he left a large amount of manuscript matter, which has never been published. He spent some

considerable time in Europe, and prepared extensive notes for a volume of Travels, but his feeble health prevented him from finishing it before his death. He was connected with the "Boston Mercantile Journal," as Editor, when first established, and continued as such until his failing health obliged him to relinquish it. He was also connected with other Boston journals, in different capacities. He was a gentleman of pleasing manners, and highly esteemed by his friends for his Christian character, and the purity of his talent.

He died in Boston, on the fourteenth day of July, 1840, as many others have done, a victim to an unsatisfiable desire for knowledge. This sad event called forth a very handsome tributary poem from his old class-mate and friend, Isaac McLellan, Esq., which we here insert.

Hark! the funeral bell is tolling—
Calling to the grave's retreat!
And the funeral car is rolling
Through the city's crowded street.
Soon the damp cold earth will hold thee
In its dark and solemn rest—
Soon the grassy turf will fold thee
Closely to its heaving breast.

O'er thy pallid brow a shadow
From the wing of death is cast,
From thy sparkling eye the brightness
That illumined it hath pass'd.
May the green grass o'er thee sighing,
Whisper forth its tenderest air;
May the wild birds in their flying,
Pour their mellowest sorrows there.

Quenched is now thy studious taper,
And thy chair holds thee no more,
For the scholar's vigil's ended —
His task is done, his toil is o'er.
The spider on thy shelf is weaving
His untouched net from book to book,
And low the poet's harp is resting —
Neglected in his favorite nook.

The thoughtless world may soon forget thee,
But, in many a heart thy name
Shall keep its sweet and precious perfume,
In bloom and freshness still the same.
O'er Time's wide sands the rolling billow
May dim the print of thy career,
Yet Love and Memory still will cherish
For thee the sacred sigh and tear.

Classmate, gentle Classmate! fast
The dizzy wheel of time flies round!
Scarce a moment doth it seem
Since thy blushing brow was bound
With the cloistered college crown,
Meekly worn, but nobly won.
As our little band departed,
Pilgrims from our classic home,
Joyous each and happy-hearted,
Through life's untried scenes to roam,
Little wrecked we of its sorrow.
Joy to-day and grief to-morrow!
But alas, the thorny way
Hath entangled many feet,
And how many are reposing
Where the churchyard tenants meet!
But no purer name than thine
Fills the tablet's mournful line.

Ashes to ashes — dust to dust!
'T is written that the glowing cheek
In its youthful bloom must fade,
As fades the rainbow's painted streak.
The silver head, the locks of gold,
The reverend sage, the humble child,
Must vanish, with the crumbling mould
In rolling hillock's o'er them piled!

Gentle Pilgrim—fare thee well!
In thy dewy morn of day,
Yielding scrip and staff and shell,
Thou hast fainted by the way!
All who fill this vast procession,
Travelling down the vale of tears,
Will be shortly sleeping with thee,
Vexed no more with toils and fears.

The editor of the "Boston Mercantile Journal," pays the following tribute to his superior talent, and high Christian character, in an obituary notice of his death. The editor of "the New-York Journal of Commerce," of which Mr. Thatcher was a correspondent, paid him a like worthy tribute.

"Mr. Thatcher is well known in this country and in Europe, for his scientific and literary attainments—and wherever known has been respected and loved for his kind disposition, and his high moral qualities, as well as for the great variety of knowledge which he was master of—and the announcement of his death will carry sadness to many

a heart. He was educated to the profession of the law, but his great aim through life appears to have been to acquire knowledge, and to diffuse it abroad for the purpose of enlightening, elevating and improving the human race. For several years past he has devoted himself exclusively to literary pursuits—and if his career, by a wise Providence, had not been abridged, he would have been surpassed by few of his countrymen in rendering true service to his country—and would have acquired a fame to endure for ages. Many of his writings are before the world—they bear the stamp of worth, and have been read with much interest in this country and Europe—and he has doubtless left many important manuscripts, which, it is to be hoped, his friends will give the public at some future day. Mr. Thatcher was at one time editor of this paper—and since it has been committed to our care, the columns have frequently been enriched by his contributions—and in his death we lose "a friend, faithful and just." It is now nearly two years since he returned from Europe, where he had passed many months, in travel, and in studying the manners and characteristics of the inhabitants—chiefly in Great Britain. He was there attacked with a chronic affection of the stomach—and on his return to this country, he suffered much from ill health. Since then, he has been gradually declining—but he has never neglected his literary pursuits, or his accustomed exercise of walking, until within a few days. He was conscious of the approach of death, which at last came upon him suddenly—but he met the grim king of terrors like a Christian philosopher—and his last moments were soothed by the benignant spirit of Religion. The death of B. B. Thatcher has left a blank in society that will not be easily filled."

THE BIRD OF THE BASTILE.

Come to my breast, thou lone
And weary bird (*e*) ! — one tone
Of the rare music of my childhood ! — dear
Is that strange sound to me ;
Dear is the memory
It brings my soul of many a parted year.

Again, yet once again,
O minstrel of the main !
Lo ! festal face and form familiar throng
Unto my waking eye ;
And voices of the sky
Sing from the walls of death unwonted song.

Nay, cease not — I would call,
Thus, from the silent hall
Of the unlighted grave, the joys of old :
Beam on me yet once more,
Ye blessed eyes of yore,
Startling life-blood through all my being cold.

Ah ! cease not — phantoms fair
Fill thick the dungeon's air ;
They wave me from its gloom — I fly — I stand
Again upon that spot,
Which ne'er hath been forgot
In all time's tears, my own green, glorious land !

There, on each noon-bright hill,
By fount and flashing rill,
Slowly the faint flocks sought the breezy shade;
There gleam'd the sunset's fire,
On the tall taper spire,
And windows low, along the upland glade.

Sing, sing! — I do not dream —
It is my own blue stream,
Far, far below, amid the balmy vale; —
I know it by the hedge
Of rose-trees at its edge,
Vaunting their crimson beauty to the gale:

There, there, mid clust'ring leaves,
Glimmer my father's eaves,
And the worn threshold of my youth beneath; —
I know them by the moss,
And the old elms that toss
Their lithe arms up where winds the smoke's gray wreath.

Sing, sing! — I am not mad —
Sing! that the visions glad
May smile that smiled, and speak that spake but now; —
Sing, sing! —I might have knelt
And pray'd; I might have felt
Their breath upon my bosom and my brow.

I might have press'd to this
Cold bosom, in my bliss,
Each long lost form that ancient hearth beside;
O heaven! I might have heard,
From living lips, one word,
Thou mother of my childhood, — and have died.

Nay, nay, 'tis sweet to weep,
Ere yet in death I sleep;
It minds me I have been, and am again, —
And the world wakes around;
It breaks the madness bound,
While I have dream'd, those ages, on my brain.

And sweet it is to love
Even this gentle dove,
This breathing thing from all life else apart: —
Ah! leave me not the gloom
Of my eternal tomb
To bear alone — alone! — come to my heart,

My bird! — *Thou* shalt go free;
And come, O come to me
Again, when from the hills the spring-gale blows;
So shall I learn, at least,
One other year hath ceased,
And the long woe throbs lingering to its close.

WEEP NOT FOR THE DEAD.

Oh, lightly, lightly tread
Upon these early ashes, ye that weep
For her that slumbers in the dreamless sleep,
Of this eternal bed!

Hallow her humble tomb
With your kind sorrow, ye that knew her well,
And climbed with her youth's brief but brilliant dell,
'Mid sunlight and fair bloom.

Glad voices whispered round
As from the stars, — bewildering harmonies, —
And visions of sweet beauty filled the skies,
And the wide vernal ground

With hopes like blossoms shone:
Oh, vainly *these* shall glow, and vainly wreathe
Verdure for the veiled bosom, that may breathe
No joy — no answering tone.

Yet weep not for the dead
That in the glory of green youth do fall,
Ere phrenzied passion or foul sin one thrall
Upon their souls hath spread.

Weep not! They are at rest
From misery, and madness, and all strife,
That makes but night of day, and death of life,
In the grave's peaceful breast.

Nor ever more shall come
To them the breath of envy, nor the rankling eye
Shall follow them, where side by side they lie —
Defenceless, noiseless, dumb.

Aye — though their memory's green,
In the fond heart, where love for them was born,
With sorrow's silent dews, each eve, each morn,
Be freshly kept, unseen —

Yet weep not! They shall soar
As the freed eagle of the skies, that pined,
But pines no more, for his own mountain wind,
And the old ocean-shore.

Rejoice! rejoice! How long
Should the faint spirit wrestle with its clay,
Fluttering in vain for the far cloudless day,
And for the angel's song?

It mounts! it mounts! Oh, spread
The banner of gay victory — and sing
For the enfranchised — and bright garlands bring —
But weep not for the dead!

I WILL REMEMBER THEE.

I WILL remember thee; thy form will be
Mingled with lingering images of all
That gave those lost hours wings of bliss to me,
When, arm and arm, we wandered where the fall
Of this, thy river's radiant fountains made
The sunset-silence musical, under its fringing shade.

I will remember thee, with loveliest bloom
Of early roses, such as these thy hand
Culled for me in the grave-yard's flowery gloom,
(Where rest thy sister's ashes, in the land
Of dark and long oblivion;) likest thee,
Their bursting, blushing charms, and therefore dear to me.

I will remember thee, when woods, as now,
O'ershadow me at noontide; and the sweet
Breathings of virgin violets, as pure as thou,
No purer, from dim moss-banks of the hill-side greet
Me in the weary wanderings, 'mid the trees
Of mine own father-clime — to 'mind me but of these.

I'll think of thee with streamlets; and green leaves
Shall murmur of thee; and the fairest star
That shines above me, as mild evening weaves
Her round pavillon in its splendor — far,
But not forgotten — will I sadly choose
To link with thoughts of thee, when most I love to muse.

I will remember thee, in coming days,
When I may tread the stranger's lonely shore,
And ponder upon old temples in the haze
Of twilight — where the mighty are no more —
(Though still the soil teems richly with the pride
Of buried greatness, and the skies are dyed

With hues of gone-down glory:) even then,
And there, the memory of the loveliness
That cheered this solitude, may cheer again —
The echo of past pleasure — and thy grace
Bless me in all things; lady, on the sea
Or land, in joy or anguish, I'll remember thee!

TO A SISTER

EMBARKING ON A MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE.

* * * Thou knowest well
The work that is before thee, and the joys
That are behind. Now, be the past forgot —
The youthful love, the hearth-light and the home,
Song, dance, and story, and the vows — the vows
That we change not, and part not unto death —
Yea, all the spirit of departed bliss,
That even now, like spirits of the dead,
Seen dimly in the living mourner's dreams,
And thrilling, ever and anon, the notes
Long loved of old — O, hear them, heed them not.
Press on! for, like the fairies of the tale,
That mocked, unseen, the tempted traveller,
With power alone o'er those who gave them ear,
They would but turn thee from thy high resolve.
Then look not back! O, triumph in the strength
Of an exalted purpose! Eagle-like,
Press sunward on. Thou shalt not be alone.
Have but an eye on God, as surely God
Will have an eye on thee — press on! press on!

Elijah Parish Lovejoy.

TO MY MOTHER.

My Mother! I am far away
From home, and love, and thee;
And stranger hands will heap the clay
That soon may cover me:
Yet we shall meet—perhaps not here,
But in yon shining, azure sphere:
And if there's aught assures me more,
Ere yet my spirit fly,
That heaven has mercy still in store,
For such a wretch as I,
'Tis that a heart so good as thine,
Must bleed — must burst along with mine.

And life is short at best, and Time
Must soon prepare the tomb;
And there is sure a happier clime,
Beyond this world of gloom —
And should it be my happy lot—
After a life of care and pain,
In sadness spent, or spent in vain—
To go where sighs and sin are not—
'Twill make the half my heaven to be,
My Mother, evermore with thee!

ELIJAH PARISH LOVEJOY.

DIED, AGED 35 YEARS.

E. P. Lovejoy was the eldest son of the late Rev. Daniel Lovejoy, of Albion, Kennebec County, a man of unspotted piety, and highly respected for his arduous labors in the diffusion of the gospel throughout the then wilderness part of Maine. His son Elijah, was born in that town, on the ninth of November, 1802. At a very early age he displayed a determined resoluteness and firmness that do doubt, in after years, was the true cause of his death. He was eager for knowledge, and spent all of his spare moments in study, and but few young men in the State have ever made more rapid progress than did he. His preparatory education was received at the Monmouth and China Academies, and he entered Waterville College, as a Sophomore, in 1828, his expenses while there, being defrayed, mostly, by that good and benevolent Christian, Rev. Dr. Tappan, of Augusta. Before entering College, he evinced considerable poetic talent, and wrote some very creditable verses. On graduating, in 1826, he received the first honors of his class, and pronounced a poem before it, entitled "Inspiration of the Muse," a portion of which we have included in our selections. In a letter to his brother, the Rev. Dr. Chaplin, President of the College, says of his talent, "In regard to the intellectual powers of your deceased brother, I do not hesitate to say, that they were of a superior order. He seems to me to have approached very near the rank of those distinguished men who have been honored with the title of universal geniuses. During his collegiate course he appeared to have an almost equal adaptation of mind to the various

branches of science and literature, usually studied at our seminaries of learning; and, what is more, he took hold of each with giant strength. It was my lot to hear his class in Greek and in metaphysics, and I well remember that in both these departments of knowledge, he appeared to great advantage at the daily recitations, and also at the examination of his class before the board of visitors. I think he was rather more fond of languages and polite literature, than of intellectual philosophy and the exact sciences. In the latter, however, he acquitted himself in a highly creditable manner."

During the fall of 1827, Mr. Lovejoy removed to the far West, and engaged in teaching at St. Louis. He remained at this place, and in the vicinity, employing his time in teaching and editing a paper, for nearly five years, when, becoming converted, he removed to Princeton, N. J., where he entered upon a course of study in the Theological Seminary, to prepare himself for the ministry; and during the following year, was licensed to preach, by the Second Presbytery of Philadelphia. In the summer of 1833, he preached temporarily, at Newport, R. I., and in the Spring-street Church, New-York city. He soon after returned again to St. Louis, and commenced the publication of the 'St. Louis Observer,' a weekly journal devoted to Religion. He conducted this paper for nearly two years, when, owing to the publication of a severe editorial article on Slavery, a mob was created, who, during his absence from the city, threatened the destruction of the office, but were prevented by the proprietors, who, with praiseworthy discretion, promised that no more such articles should appear in its columns. Mr. Lovejoy, however, on his return, in reply to a petition from the people, refused to be controlled by public sentiment, declaring his determination to defend the freedom of the press. The excitement not subsiding, a meeting of the citizens was called, and resolutions passed, asking Mr. Lovejoy to refrain from publishing any thing upon slavery that would continue the present, or raise another excitement. To these resolutions he replied at great length, still maintaining his right to free expression of opinion. By pursuing this determined course, he was obliged to remove from the city to escape the vengeance of the mob.

In June 1836, he removed his press to Alton, Ill., where it was destroyed soon after being landed. He procured another one, and continued the publication of the 'Observer;' but had been establish-

ed here only a short time, when similar articles to those published in St. Louis, created another mob, and a meeting was held by the citizens of Alton, who pursued a similar course to those of St. Louis, and with the same success. On Mr. Lovejoy's expressing his determination to continue to write against slavery, the office of the 'Observer' was destroyed by the mob. Still undaunted, by the assistance of his friends, he purchased another press, which, like the first, was destroyed by a mob, before it was put up, and while defending it, Mr. Lovejoy was fired at, and exclaiming, "Oh God, I am shot, I am shot," he expired instantly. This sad event occurred during the night of the seventh of November, 1837. He was buried on his thirty-fifth birth day, and left a wife and one little boy to mourn his tragic death. Meetings were called in all parts of the country, at which his murderers were strongly denounced, also by the leading journals.

We have been furnished with the following account of meetings held at Belfast and Bangor:

"In Belfast, a public meeting was held on the evening of Nov. 30th, at which Hon. Alfred Johnson, was Chairman, and B. P. Field, jr. Secretary. The following resolutions were reported, and after dlscussion, were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That in pursuance of the public notice which called this meeting, we have assembled, not as men of any party, civil or religious, but on the broad ground of American citizenship, to pass resolutions in regard to the topics specified, as truth and the good of our country may in our estimation demand.

Resolved, That the Rev. E. P. Lovejoy, a highly respected citizen, recently of this State, who was on the 7th inst. assassinated by a mob, at Alton, in Illinois, in consequence of an attempt on his part to protect his property, liberty and life, when no legal protection could be obtained—has fallen a martyr in defence of rights which are guaranteed to every freeman by the Constiutions of the General and State Governments; rights of which our country has made her highest boast, and which are dear to every American citizen.

At a special meeting of the Bangor 'Anti-Slavery Society,' held Nov. 27th, 1837, the following preamble and resolution were adopted:

Whereas, the late Rev. E. P. Lovejoy, of Alton, Ill, was a native of this State, his aged and excellent mother and other members of the family being still resident in our vicinity, and well known to at least many of us—

Resolved, That in our judgment, he was an intelligent, talented, upright, noble-hearted man; a sincere and consistent Christian; an able, independent, and faithful minister of the gospel; a bold, uncompromising enemy of oppression in all its forms; a self-sacrificing friend and defender of civil and religious liberty, of truth and righteousness, whose name and whose virtues deserve to be embalmed in the memory of every friend of God and man."

A work, containing his life, letters, poems, and a history of the riots, was published by his brothers, in 1838, and from the introduction to it, written by the Hon. John Quincy Adams, we make the following extract:—

"That an American citizen, in a State whose Constitution repudiates all Slavery, should die a martyr in defence of the freedom of the press, is a phenomenon in the history of this Union. It forms an era, in the progress of mankind towards universal emancipation. Martyrdom was said by Dr. Johnson, to be the only test of sincerity in religious belief. It is also the ordeal through which all great improvements in the condition of men, are doomed to pass. The incidents which preceded and accompanied, and followed the catastrophe of Mr. Lovejoy's death, point it out as an epoch in the annals of human liberty. They have given a shock as of an earthquake, throughout this continent, which will be felt in the most distant regions of the earth. They have inspired an interest in the public mind, which extends already to the life and character of the sufferer, and which it is believed will abide while ages pass away. To record and preserve for posterity, the most interesting occurrences of his life, has been considered an obligation of duty, specially incumbent upon the surviving members of his family, and in the effusions of his own mind, and the characteristic features of his familiar correspondence, the reader will find the most effective portraiture of the first American Martyr to the freedom of the press, and the freedom of the slave."

INSPIRATIONS OF THE MUSE.

Who has not felt, when life's dull stream was low,
When hope had fled, and pleasure waned to wo;
When all within was dreary, dark, and wild —
On feeling's ruins sat despair, and smiled —
And like the shadows by the moonbeams thrown
On chilly waters, faint and cold it shone;
Who has not felt the melting charm that stole
Like healing virtue o'er the stricken soul,
When some fair hand the trembling lyre had swept,
And waked the Muse, that lingered there and slept;
Her magic charms, her tones so sweetly given,
They tell like dreams which Gabriel brings from heaven,
And, on the cold, cold regions of the breast,
Come warm with life in visions of the blest.
The frozen heart which never felt before,
Dissolves in grief and smiles its mis'ry o'er,
And as it weeps the obscuring clouds away,
Hope gilds the tear with sunshine's softest ray;
Peace o'er the tempest throws its rainbow charms,
Sure pledge of joy, yet timid from alarms:
The enchanting prospect opens wide and clear,
When Beauty blushes where the loves appear!
O who that has not proudly counted o'er
Such hours enshrined in Mem'ry's choicest store,
When, as the dream of life was flitting by,
They flashed in Brightness on the suff'rer's eye;

And left their marks transcribed upon his soul,
Unsullied pages in life's gloomy scroll:
Gently they spoke in silver notes of bliss,
As if heav'n stooped to whisper words of peace.
So can the Muse enchant the yielding heart,
New hopes, new pleasures, and new joys impart;
When meek and mild, she comes in tenderness,
To sooth our sorrows, and our comforts bless,
And smiles as love smiles o'er the bed of death,
Or bends like hope to catch the parting breath;
But if, with all her gorgeous drap'ry on,
She strikes the note that glory rides upon —
With hues of grandeur deep around her thrown,
And stately mien that Virtue's self might own —
'Tis then she kindles in th' expanding soul
Desires immortal, thoughts above control.
She chants her death-song o'er the hero's grave,
Each arm is mighty and each coward brave;
And when the untamed victor of the fight,
Prepared to use the vengeance of his might,
Witness, Euripides, and Homer, thou,
How oft her strains have smoothed the angry brow;
Loosed from his hands the pris'ner's slavish chain,
And bade the captive be a man again.
She strikes the chords that round her heart entwine,
And warm responses breathe on ev'ry line.
The mind, awakened by the burning strain,
Starts in a flight which seraphs scarce can gain:
Bursts from its mortal shroud and soars away,
And basks and revels in unclouded day;
Leaves earth's dull scenes with all its cares and woes,
Mounts into light, and kindles as it goes!

Oh! there are moments when the winged mind,
Free and unshackled as the viewless wind,
In full poetic pride goes gloriously
With cherubim in concert up the sky;
Counts ev'ry planet as it rolls away
In bold relief into eternity!
Joins the full choir which sings along the spheres,
Among the star-crowned circles of the years!
In strains that e'en the Eternal stoops and hears!
Or vent'rous soars above the thrice-arched sky,
And bends exulting through infinity.
In that vast space where unknown sunbeams sleep,
Or hidden stars their glorious night-watch keep;
Whose light still trav'ling since time first began,
Through the immense, has never shone on man —
In those far regions, where no baleful beam
Shoots on the soul its dark and vap'ry gleam;
Where sinless angels play along the air,
And hymn their loves, or bend in holy pray'r;
Here can the mind expatiate unrestrained
O'er beauties such as fancy never feigned;
Or higher still, bow at th' Eternal shrine,
Where seraphim with veiled faces shine!
Nay lift the curtain from before the throne,
And gaze with wond'ring awe upon the Great Unknown!
So once in Eden's ground, that blissful scene,
Where fear was not, for guilt had not yet been,
Man sought the temple where his Maker trod,
And fearless held communion with his God.
Surely, if heav'nly wisdom e'er designed
One peerless gift in mercy to mankind,
One noble proof in the creative plan,

Which stamps his high original on man;
'Tis that poetic fire which bids him rise,
And claim his home, his kindred in the skies;
Which rides in safety o'er life's troublous storms,
And smiles on death in all its untried forms.
'Tis a mysterious ardor none can tell,
And which but few of favored mortals feel;
An emanation from the Deity,
That claims and proves its immortality;
A part of being subtle and refined,
The pure and hallowed element of mind;
A flame which burns amidst the darkest gloom,
Shines round the grave, and kindles in the tomb.
When fainting nature trembles on her throne,
And the last spirit to the heav'ns has flown;
In that dread hour, when hushed in deep repose,
The prelude of creation's dying throes —
The dead lie slumb'ring shrouded in their pall,
And wait unconscious for the angel's call;
'Tis this shall sound the vivifying strain,
And wake mortality to life again;
Shall snatch her harp, when circling flames arise,
And soar and sing eternal in the skies!

THE FAREWELL.

LAND of my birth! my natal soil farewell:
The winds and waves are bearing me away
Fast from thy shores; and I would offer thee
This sincere tribute of a swelling heart.
I love thee: witness that I do, my tears,
Which gushingly do flow, and will not be restrained
At thought of seeing thee, perchance no more.
Yes, I do love thee; though thy hills are bleak,
And piercing cold thy winds; though winter blasts
Howl long and dreary o'er thee; and thy skies
Frown oftener than they smile; though thine is not
The rich profusion that adorns the year in sunnier climes;
Though spicy gales blow not in incense from thy groves:
For thou hast that, far more than worth them all.
Health sits upon thy rugged hills, and blooms in all thy vales;
Thy laws are just, or if thy ever lean,
'Tis to sweet mercy's side at pity's call.
Thy sons are noble, in whose veins there runs
A richer tide than Europe's kings can boast,
The blood of freemen: BLOOD WHICH OFT HAS FLOWED
IN FREEDOM'S HOLIEST CAUSE; AND READY YET TO FLOW,
IF NEED SHOULD BE, ERE IT WOULD CURDLE DOWN
TO THE SLOW SLUGGISH STREAM OF SLAVERY.
Thy daughters too are fair, and beauty's mien
Looks still the lovelier, graced with purity.
For these I love thee; and if these were all,
Good reason were there, that thou shouldst be loved.

But other ties, and dearer far than all,
Bind fast my heart to thee.
Who can forget the scenes, in which the doubtful ray
Of reason, first dawned o'er him? Can memory e'er
Forsake the home where friends, where parents dwell?
Close by the mansion where I first drew breath,
There stands a tree, beneath whose branching shade
I've sported oft in childhood's sunny hours; —
A lofty elm; — I've carved my name thereon;
There let it grow, a still increasing proof,
That time cannot efface, nor distance dim
The recollection of those halcyon days.
My father too; I've grieved his manly heart,
Full many a time, by heedless waywardness;
While he was laboring with a parent's care,
To feed and clothe his thoughtless, thankless boy.
And I have trembled, as with frown severe
He oft has checked me, when perhaps I meant
To do him pleasure, with my childish mirth;
And thought how strange it was, he would not smile.
But oh! my mother! she whose every look
Was love and tenderness, that knew no check;
Who joyed with me; whose fond maternal eye
Grew dim, when pain or sorrow faded mine.
But time is speeding; and the billowy waves
Are hurrying me away. Thy misty shores
Grow dim in distance; while yon setting sun
Seems lingering fondly on them, as 't would take
Like me, a last adieu. I go to tread
The western vales, whose gloomy cypress tree
Shall haply soon be wreathed upon my bier:
Land of my birth! my natal soil, FAREWELL!

THE LITTLE STAR.

I WOULD I were on yonder little star,
That looks so modest in the silver sky,
Removed in boundless space so very far,
That scarce its rays can meet the gazer's eye,
Yet there it hangs all lonely, bright and high.

O could I mount where fancy leads the way,
How soon would I look down upon the sun,
Rest my tired wing upon his upward ray,
And go where never yet his beams have shone,
Light on that little star and make it all my own.

Love dwells not with us, in some happier sphere,
It makes its angel heaven to innocence so dear:
There is beyond this sublunary ball,
A land of souls, a heaven of peace and joy,
Whose skies are always bright, whose pleasures never cloy.

And if to souls released from earth 'tis given,
To choose their home through bright infinity,
Then yonder star shall be my happy heaven,
And I will live unknown, for I would be
The lonely hermit of Eternity.

THE WANDERER.

The sun was set, and that dim twilight hour,
Which shrouds in gloom whate'er it looks upon,
Was o'er the world: stern desolation lay
In her own ruins; every mark was gone,
Save one tall, beetling monumental stone.

Amid a sandy waste it reared its head,
All scathed and blackened by the lightning shock,
That many a scar and many a seam had made,
E'en to its base; and there with thundering stroke,
Erie's wild waves in ceaseless clamor broke.

And on its rifted top the wanderer stood, (*f*)
And bared his head beneath the cold night air,
And wistfully he gazed upon the flood:
It were a boon to him, (so thought he there,)
Beneath that tide to rest from every care.

And might it be, and not his own rash hand
Have done the deed, (for yet he dared not brave,
All reckless as he was, the high command,
Do thyself no harm,) adown the wave
And in the tall lake-grass that night had been his grave.

Oh! you may tell of that philosophy,
Which steels the heart 'gainst every bitter wo:
'Tis not in nature, and it cannot be;
You cannot rend young hearts, and not a throe
Of agony tell how they feel the blow.

He was a lone and solitary one,
With none to love, and pity he disdained:
His hopes were wrecked, and all his joys were gone;
But his dark eye blanched not; his pride remained:
And if he deeply felt, to none had he complained.

Of all that knew him few but judged him wrong:
He was of silent and unsocial mood:
Unloving and unloved he passed along:
His chosen path with steadfast aim he trod,
Nor asked nor wished applause, save only of his God.

Oh! how preposterous 'tis for man to claim
In his own strength to chain the human soul!
Go, first, and learn the elements to tame,
Ere you would exercise your vain control
O'er that which pants and strive for an immortal goal.

Yet oft a young and generous heart has been
By cruel keepers trampled on and torn;
And all the worst and wildest passions in
The human breast have roused themselves in scorn,
That else had dormant slept, or never had been born.

Take heed ye guardians of the youthful mind,
That facile grows beneath your *kindly* care:
'Tis of elastic mould, and, if confined
With too much stress 'shoots madly from its sphere,'
Unswayed by love, and unrestrained by fear,

Oh! tis a fearful *blasting* sight to see
The soul in ruins, withered, rived, and wrung,
And doomed to spend its immortality
Darkling and hopeless, where despair has flung
Her curtains o'er the loves to which it fondly clung.

So thought the wanderer: so, perhaps, he *felt:*
(But this is unrevealed:) now had he come
To the far woods, and there in silence knelt
On the sharp flint-stone in the rayless gloom,
And fervently he prayed to find an early tomb.

Weep not for him: he asks no sympathy
From human hearts and eyes; aloof, alone,
On his own spirit let him rest, and be
By all his kind forgotten and unknown,
And wild winds mingle with his dying groan.

And in the desert let him lie and sleep,
In that sweet rest exhausted nature gave:
Oh! make his clay-cold mansion dark and deep,
While the tall trees their sombre foliage wave,
And drop it blighted on the wanderer's grave.

Elizabeth Oakes Smith.

THE AMARANTH.

Thou art not of earth, thou beautiful thing,
With thy changeless form and hue—
For thou in thy heart hast ever borne
A drop of that living dew
That nourished thee, when earth was young,
And the music of Eden around thee rung.

Thou art not of earth: no change is thine—
No touch of death or decay;
And the airs that fanned thee in Paradise,
Seem over thy leaves to play;
And they whisper still of fadeless bowers,
Where never shall wither the blooming flowers.

Thou art not of earth: thou changest not
When the wintry blast is nigh,
Though thy scatter'd leaves are wildly toss'd
On the wind as it rushes by;
For even then, in that hour of dread,
Not a hue of beauty hath left the dead.

I deem that Eve, when in terror forced
From her Eden home to part,
Must have sadly look'd on those fadeless bowers,
And clasped thee to her heart—
And thou in thy exile still dost tell
Of a changeless home where the good shall dwell.

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

AGE, 47 YEARS.

Miss Elizabeth Oakes Prince, now Mrs. Smith, if we can rely upon the most definite information obtained, (*g*) was born in the city of Portland, in the year 1807. Her first poem of any length, was published in 1842, under the title of 'The Sinless Child,' and contains some of the most beautiful passages in the English language. When about sixteen years of age, she became engaged to, and soon after married Seba Smith, Esq., a lawyer, now in practice in the city of New-York, but who was then residing in Portland. She has published several volumes of prose and poetry, some of which are upon the Duties of Woman, and now has a volume in press, that is said to be a journal of her own thoughts and feelings, rather than a work of fiction, although issued as such.

Mrs. Smith is an able advocate, and lectures upon the progressive side of Woman's Rights. She has talent of the highest order, and will yet attain a more extended popularity by her essays and lectures, which abound with deep thought and strong and sound arguments. She has been a pioneer in a new field for female talent, and one that bids fair to be filled with able and eloquent laborers. Mrs. Smith possesses a highly cultivated and enlarged mind, and is as well versed in the English language as any female writer of our country. As a poetess she occupies a position in the front rank among the most gifted male and female poets of America. In her poetry, 'She desires to teach a philosophy of the whole nature of man, in which the

imagination and the affections should predominate, and by which the relation of man and the external universe to each other and to God might be displayed

'In words that move in metrical array.'

She hopes to soothe and harmonize the soul, by opening to it unexplored regions of loveliness and delight; by accustoming it to the contemplation of the majesty of the universe.'

E. P. Whipple, one of the ablest reviewers in this country, pays the following merited compliment to the poetical genius of Mrs. Smith, in an article upon the 'Poets and Poetry of America,' which appeared in the 'North American Review,' in 1844.

'Mrs. E. Oakes Smith, of New-York, has written a number of short poems of much beauty, purity, and spirituality. 'The Sinless Child,' and 'The Acorn,' manifest qualities of the mind and heart, which are worthy of a more thorough development. They display much depth of feeling and affluence of fancy, and are singularly pure and sweet in their tone. 'The Sinless Child,' though deficient in artistical finish, contains many passages of a high order of poetry, and is stainless as its subject. It gives evidence, also, of a capacity for a more extended sweep over the domain of thought and emotion. Mrs. Smith is not merely a smooth and skilful versifier, indulging occasionally in a flirtation with poetry, to while away the time, but one whose productions are true exponents of her inward life, and display the freshness and fervor which come from individuality of character and feeling. She speaks of what she knows and of what she has felt. Her theory of morals does not seem to have come into her soul through the inlet of her ear. Her truthfulness is a prominent characteristic of her genius.'

THE ACORN.

An acorn fell from an old oak tree,
And lay on the frosty ground —
'O, what shall the fate of the acorn be?'
Was whisper'd all around,
By low-toned voices, chiming sweet,
Like floweret's bell when swung —
And grasshopper steeds were gathering fleet,
And the beetle's hoofs up-rung —

For the woodland Fays came sweeping past
In the pale autumnal ray,
Where the forest leaves were falling fast,
And the acorn quivering lay;
They came to tell what its fate should be,
Though life was unreveal'd;
For life is holy mystery,
Where'er it is conceal'd

They came with griefs that should life bestow:
The dew and the living air —
The bane that should work its deadly woe —
Was found with the Fairies there.
In the gray moss-cup was the mildew brought,
And a worm in the rose-leaf roll'd,
And many things with destruction fraught,
That its fate were quickly told.

But it needed not: for a blessed fate
Was the acorn's doom'd to be —
The spirits of earth should its birth-time wait,
And watch o'er its destiny.
To a little sprite was the task assign'd,
To bury the acorn deep,
Away from the frost and searching wind,
When they through the forest sweep.

I laugh'd outright at the small thing's toil,
As he bow'd beneath the spade,
And he balanced his gossamer wings the while
To look in the pit he made.
A thimble's depth it was scarcely deep,
When the spade aside he threw,
And roll'd the acorn away to sleep
In the hush of dropping dew.

The spring-time came with its fresh, warm air,
And its gush of woodland song;
The dew came down, and the rain was there,
And the sunshine rested long:
Then softly the black earth turn'd aside,
The old leaf arching o'er,
And up, where the last year's leaf was dried,
Came the acorn-shell once more.

With coiled stem, and a pale green hue,
It look'd but a feeble thing;
Then deeply its roots abroad it threw,
Its strength from the earth to bring.

The woodland spirits are gathering round,
Rejoiced that the task is done —
That another life from the noisome ground
Is up to the pleasant sun.

The young child pass'd with a careless tread,
And the germ had well-nigh crush'd;
But a spider, launch'd on her airy thread,
The cheek of the stripling brush'd.
He little knew, as he started back,
How the acorn's fate was hung
On the very point in the spider's track
Where the web on his cheek was flung.

The autumn came, and it stood alone,
And bow'd as the wind pass'd by —
The wind that utter'd its dirge-like moan
In the old oak sear and dry;
And the hollow branches creak'd and sway'd,
But they bent not to the blast,
For the stout oak tree where centuries play'd,
Was sturdy to the last.

A school boy beheld the lithe young shoot,
And his knife was instant out,
To sever the stalk from the spreading root,
And scatter the buds about;
To peel the bark in curious rings,
And many a notch and ray,
To beat the air till it whizzing rings,
Then idly cast away.

His hand was stay'd; he knew not why:
'Twas a presence breath'd around —
A pleading from the deep-blue sky,
And up from the teeming ground.
It told of the care that lavish'd had been
In sunshine and in dew —
Of the many things that had wrought a screen
When peril around it grew.

It told of the oak that once had bow'd,
As feeble a thing to see;
But now, when the storm was raging loud,
It wrestled mightily.
There's a deeper thought on the schoolboy's brow,
A new love at his heart;
And he ponders much, as with footsteps slow
He turns him to depart.

Up grew the twig, with a vigor bold,
In the shade of the parent tree,
And the old oak knew that his doom was told,
When the sapling sprang so free.
Then the fierce winds came, and they raging tore
The hollow limbs away;
And the damp moss crept from the earthly floor
Around the trunk, time-worn and gray.

The young oak grew, and proudly grew,
For its roots were deep and strong;
And a shadow broad on the earth it threw,
And the sunlight linger'd long

On its glossy leaf, where the flickering light
Was flung to the evening sky;
And the wild bird came to its airy height,
And taught her young to fly.

In acorn time came the truant boy,
With a wild and eager look,
And he mark'd the tree with a wondering joy,
As the wind the great limbs shook.
He look'd where the moss on the north side grew,
The gnarled arms outspread,
The solemn shadow the huge tree threw,
As it tower'd above his head;

And vague-like fears the boy surround,
In the shadow of that tree;
So growing up from the darksome ground,
Like a giant mystery.
His heart beats quick to the squirrel's tread
On the wither'd leaf and dry,
And he lifts not up his awe-struck head
As the eddying wind sweeps by.

And regally the stout oak stood,
In its vigor and its pride;
A monarch own'd in the solemn wood,
With a sceptre spreading wide—
No more in the wintry blast to bow,
Or rock in the summer breeze;
But draped in green, or star-like snow,
Reign king of the forest trees.

And a thousand years it firmly grew,
And a thousand blasts defied;
And, mighty in strength, its broad arms threw
A shadow dense and wide.
It grew where the rocks were bursting out
From the thin and heaving soil —
Where the ocean's roar, and the sailor's shout,
Were mingled in wild turmoil —

Where the far-off sound of the restless deep
Came up with a booming swell;
And the white foam dash'd to the rocky steep,
But it loved the tumult well.
Then its huge limbs creaked in the midnight air,
And join'd in the rude uproar;
For it loved the storm and the lightning's glare
And the sound of the breaker's roar.

The bleaching bones of the sea-bird's prey
Were heap'd on the rocks below;
And the bald-head eagle, fierce and gray,
Look'd off from its topmost bough.
Where its shadow lay on the quiet wave
The light-boat often swung,
And the stout ship, saved from the ocean grave,
Her cable round it flung.

Change came to the mighty things of earth —
Old empires pass'd away;
Of the generations that had birth,
O Death! where, where were they?

Yet fresh and green the brave oak stood,
Nor dream'd it of decay,
Though a thousand times in the autumn wood
Its leaves on the pale earth lay.

A sound comes down in the forest trees,
And echoing from the hill;
It floats far off on the summer breeze,
And the shore resounds it shrill.
Lo! the monarch tree no more shall stand
Like a watch-tower of the main —
The strokes fall thick from the woodman's hand
And its falling shakes the plain.

The stout live oak! — 'twas a worthy tree,
And the builder mark'd it out;
And he smiled its angled limbs to see,
As he measured the trunk about.
Already to him was a gallant bark
Careering the rolling deep,
And in sunshine, calm, or tempest dark,
Her way she will proudly keep.

The chisel clicks, and the hammer rings,
And the merry jest goes round;
While he who longest and loudest sings
Is the stoutest workman found.
With jointed rib, and trunnel'd plank
The work goes gayly on,
And light-spoke oaths, when the glass they drank,
Are heard till the task is done.

She sits on the rocks, the skeleton ship,
With her oaken ribs all bare,
And the child looks up with parted lip,
As it gathers fuel there —
With brimless hat, the barefoot boy
Looks round with strange amaze,
And dreams of a sailor's life of joy
Are mingling in that gaze.

With graceful waist and carvings brave
The trim hull waits the sea —
And proudly stoops to the crested wave,
While round go the cheerings three.
Her prow swells up from the yeasty deep,
Where it plung'd in foam and spray:
And the glad waves gathering round her sweep
And buoy her in their play.

Thou wert nobly rear'd, O heart of oak!
In the sound of the ocean roar,
Where the surging wave o'er the rough rock broke,
And bellow'd along the shore —
And how wilt thou in the storm rejoice,
With the wind through spar and shroud,
To hear a sound like the forest voice,
When the blast was raging loud!

With snow-white sail, and streamer gay,
She sits like an ocean-sprite,
Careering on in her trackless way,
In sunshine or dark midnight;

Her course is laid with fearless skill,
For brave hearts man the helm;
And joyous winds her canvas fill —
Shall the wave the stout ship whelm?

On, on she goes, where the icebergs roll
Like floating cities by;
Where meteors flash by the northern pole,
And the merry dancers fly;
Where the glittering light is backward flung
From icy tower and dome,
And the frozen shrouds are gayly hung
With gems from the ocean foam.

On the Indian sea was her shadow cast,
As it lay like molten gold,
And her pendant shroud and towering mast
Seem'd twice on the waters told.
The idle canvas slowly swung
As the spicy breeze went by,
And strange, rare music around her rung
From the palm tree growing nigh.

O, gallant ship, thou didst bear with thee
The gay and the breaking heart,
And weeping eyes look'd out to see
Thy white-spread sails depart.
And when the rattling casement told
Of many a perill'd ship,
The anxious wife her babes would fold,
And pray with trembling lip.

The petrel wheel'd in its stormy flight;
The wind piped shrill and high;
On the topmast sat a pale blue light,
That flicker'd not to the eye:
The black cloud came like a banner down,
And down came the shrieking blast;
The quivering ship on her beam is thrown,
And gone are helm and mast.

Helmless, but on before the gale,
She ploughs the deep-trough'd wave:
A gurgling sound — a frenzied wail —
And the ship has found a grave.
And thus is the fate of the acorn told,
That fell from the old oak tree,
And the woodlawn Fays in the frosty mould
Preserved for its destiny.

THE DROWNED MARINER.

A Mariner sat on the shrouds one night,
The wind was piping free;
Now bright, now dimm'd was the moonlight pale,
And the phosphor gleam'd in the wake of the whale,
As it flounder'd in the sea;
The scud was flying athwart the sky,
The gathering winds went whistling by,
And the wave, as it tower'd, then fell in spray,
Look'd an emerald wall in the moonlight ray.

The mariner sway'd and rock'd on the mast,
But the tumult pleased him well:
Down the yawning wave his eye he cast,
And the monsters watch'd as they hurried past,
Or lightly rose and fell, —
For their broad, damp fins were under the tide,
And they lash'd as they pass'd the vessel's side,
And their filmy eyes, all huge and grim,
Glared fiercely up, and they glared at him.

Now freshens the gale, and the brave ship goes
Like an uncurb'd steed along;
A sheet of flame is the spray she throws,
As her gallant bow the water ploughs,
But the ship is fleet and strong;
The topsail is reef'd, and the sails are furl'd,
And onward she sweeps o'er the watery world,
And dippeth her spars in the surging flood;
But there cometh no chill to the mariner's blood.

Wildly she rocks, but he swingeth at ease,
And holdeth by the shroud;
And as she careens to the crowding breeze,
The gaping deep the mariner sees,
And the surging heareth loud.
Was that a face, looking up to him,
With its pallid cheek, and its cold eyes dim?
Did it beckon him down? Did it call his name?
Now rolleth the ship in the way whence it came.

The mariner look'd, and he saw, with dread,
A face he knew too well;
And the cold eyes glared, the eyes of the dead,
And its long hair out on the wave was spread, —
Was there a tale to tell?
The stout ship rock'd with a reeling speed,
And the mariner groan'd, as well he need —
For ever down, as she plunged on her side,
The dead face gleam'd, from the briny tide.

Bethink thee, mariner, well of the past:
A voice calls loud for thee:
There's a stifled prayer, the first, the last;
The plunging ship on her beam is cast —
O, where shall thy burial be?
Bethink thee of oath's that were lightly spoken;
Bethink thee of vows that were lightly broken;
Bethink thee of all that was dear to thee,
For thou art alone on the raging sea;

Alone in the dark, alone on the wave,
To buffet the storm alone;
To struggle aghast at thy watery grave,
To struggle and feel there is none to save!
God shield thee, helpless one!
The stout limbs yield, for their strength is past;
The trembling hands on the deep are cast;
The white brow gleams a moment more,
Then slowly sinks,— the struggle is o'er.

Down, down where the storm is lash'd to sleep,
Where the sea its dirge shall swell;
Where the amber drops for thee shall weep,
And the rose-lipp'd shell its music keep;
There thou shalt slumber well.
The gem and the pearl lie heap'd at thy side;
They fell from the neck of the beautiful bride,
From the strong man's hand, from the maiden's brow,
As they slowly sunk to the caves below.

A peopled home is the ocean-bed;
The mother and child are there:
The fervent youth and the hoary head,
The maid, with her floating locks outspread,
The babe, with its silken hair:
As the water moveth, they slightly sway,
And the tranquil lights on their features play:
And there is each cherish'd and beautiful form,
Away from decay, and away from the storm.

PROGRESSION.

Hope on, hope on, O, restless heart!
Though dark the hour may be —
For e'en in all thy struggles know
A glory waits for thee!
O keep then still the dew of youth —
Still hold thou fast unto the truth.

What though the strong desires sent forth
Unequal ends attain —
And thy intensest thought result,
That all of earth is vain —
O, not in vain, if truth and right
But arm thee with heroic might.

Toil on, for like the pillar'd stone
O'er which the moss has crept,
And veiled the record there inscribed
While ages round it slept —
Thus, thou mayest on thy tablet read
A truth to meet thine utmost need;

Hast thou, in this unequal strife,
But tendest to a goal,
Whose object realized shall fill
The vastness of the soul —
These ardent hopes — these wishes high
Belong to that which cannot die.

Grenville Mellen.

MOUNT WASHINGTON.

Mount of the clouds, on whose Olympian height
The tall rocks brighten in the ether air,
And spirits from the skies come down at night,
To chant immortal songs to Freedom there!
Thine is the rock of other regions, where
The world of life which blooms so far below,
Sweeps a wide waste; no gladdening scenes appear,
Save where, with silvery flash the waters flow
Beneath the far-off mountain, distant, calm, and slow.

Thine is the summit where the clouds repose,
Or, eddying wildly, round thy cliffs are borne;
When Temptest mounts his rushing car, and throws
His billowy mist amid the thunder's home!
Far down the deep ravine the whirlwinds come,
And bow the forests as they sweep along;
While, roaring deeply from their rocky womb,
The storms come forth, and hurrying darkly on,
Amid the echoing peaks the revelry prolong!

And when the tumult of the air is fled,
And quench'd in silence all tempest flame,
There come the dim forms of the mighty dead,
Around the steep that bears the hero's name!
The stars look down upon them; and the same
Pale orb that glistens o'er his distant grave
Gleams on the summit that enshrines his fame,
And lights the cold tear of the glorious brave,
The richest, purest tear that memory ever gave!

Mount of the clouds! when winter round thee throws
The hoary mantle of the dying year,
Sublime amid thy canopy of snows,
Thy towers in bright magnificence appear!
'Tis then we view thee with a chilling fear,
Till summer robes thee in her tints of blue;
When, lo! in soften'd grandeur, far, yet clear,
Thy battlements stand clothed in harmonious hue,
To swell as Freedom's home on man's unclouded view.

GRENVILLE MELLEN.

DIED, AGED 43 YEARS.

GRENVILLE MELLEN was born in the town of Biddeford, on the nineteenth day of June, 1799, and was a son of the late Prentiss Mellen, Chief Justice of Maine. He was educated at Harvard University, and read law with his father, who then resided in Portland. A few months after his admission to the bar, he married a very accomplished young lady, and located himself at North-Yarmouth, in the practice of his profession. Dr. Griswold (*h*) says, "Within three years—in October 1828—his wife to whom he was devotedly attached, died, and his only child followed her to the grave, in the succeeding spring. From this time his character was changed. He had before been an ambitious and a happy man. The remainder of his life was clouded with melancholy." Mr. Mellen's first articles were contributed to the United States Literary Gazette, published at Cambridge, Mass. His first work, "Our Chronicle of Twenty-Six"—a satire, was published in 1827; "Glad Tales and Sad Tales," prose sketches, in 1839; "The Martyr's Triumph, and Other Poems," in 1834. This volume contained "Buried Valley," "The Rest of Empires," and all of his poems previously published in the Magazines. In 1839, he established his "Monthly Miscellany," which was short lived, on account of his failing health, and its unprofitableness. He contributed a great deal to the various leading Magazines, and also edited several works. During the following summer, he visited the Island of Cuba, in hopes that the sea air and change of climate might tend to his recovery, but, with no perceptible improvement, he returned to New-York where he died on the fifth day of September, 1841.

Man seldom loves more deeply and devotedly the object of his choice, than did Mr. Mellen his young and affectionate wife, and from the hour that witnessed the passing of her gentle spirit up to the world of saints, his life was melancholy and full of sorrow

"For the early loved and lost."

He felt that when his little child went home to its mother's bosom, in her bright abode, that every joy—every hope and ambition of his life was aimless, and could bring no joy or happiness to his deserted home, and two angel forms seemed ever around him, beckoning him up to their celestial home. Like the gifted and gentle hearted Willis Gaylord Clark, he sighed himself away in tears, to the bosom of his beloved, in a brighter home on high, where sorrow, death, and parting are never known. By his death, our State lost one of her most gifted sons, and one who would, had his health and family been spared him, have attained a very exalted position in the literature of our country, and would have left a fame, when dying, that we should have been doubly proud of. Providence, with its usual wisdom and kindness, ordered it otherwise, and he departed from among us ere he had fulfilled his mission and attained the height of his ambition. The poet says, truly,

"Death loves a shining mark,"

for among those of our native Poets who have been stricken down in the prime of life, and the spring-time of their fame, by his blighting breath, the names of the most gifted, the most loved and respected, are recorded. They have not, however, gone from us without leaving something to tell those who succeed them, that they once lived, and toiled, and died. Our State may well mourn the death of such gifted sons, as Grenville and Frederic Mellen, Thatcher, Lamb. Lovejoy, Prentiss, and their associates, who are now sleeping their sleep of death, but not unremembered, and though

"We rear to them no temples proud,
Each hath his mental pyramid."

MOUNT VERNON.

WRITTEN DURING A VISIT TO THE HOME OF WASHINGTON.

O, TIME! whose wing untiring sweeps the world!
Still sounding onward in that stayless flight —
Unseen, yet mightily, as when first unfurl'd
In the young morning of creation's light —
How hast thou shaken from thy pinion here,
Over the work of man thy storm of change!
Where a whole people bends in prayer and tear,
O'er mem'ries beyond words — so deep! — so strange!
Where, as around some hallow'd altar-place,
We gather, to call back the glory of our days!

Years, ye are reckless, as in pomp ye pass,
With your dim company of Death and Wo —
Bowing a generation as the grass,
Whose ranks scarce blossom ere they meet the blow
That levels them to earth! — How stern ye tread
On your long pilgrimage to that far land,
Where ye, in turn, bow with the shadowy dead —
Of things that joy us not the voiceless band!
Yet as ye pass, how mark'd your footsteps fall
On all that circles us — from cradle to the pall!

The hovel and the palace — the loud hall,
Where wealth holds holiday, in feast and song;
And the gray cloister, with its echoes — all
Sound to thy pinions, as they swoop along,
Insatiate Time! — Alike on mount and vale,
On the low cottage, and the cloudy tower,
Is written still the melancholy tale,
Of thy unfaltering progress, and thy power!
That power that owns not mercy or appeal —
Stamping mortality with its eraseless seal.

And here, where, hadst thou felt one thought of earth,
Thy footsteps had fall'n lightly — and thy hand
Had lain with holier touch than marks the mirth
With which it scars the pride of every land —
Here, where — as round arches of some fane
Virtue has made immortal — dull decay
Has struggled yet with memory in vain,
While lesser things of earth have pass'd away —
Here, as o'er temples of some heathen sky,
Hast thou cast wide the shadow of thy revelry!

Ruin is written on these sacred walls!
It sounds with every foot-fall — and its tone,
Like melancholy music, through these halls
Echoes to every whisper — low — and lone!
The voice of other years uplifts around —
And to our pilgrim spirit, as we tread,
It comes like some remember'd dream of sound
From the unfathom'd mansions of the dead!
Ruin! — no other accent meets the ear!
Time! frown no more on earth — thy empirage is here!

But thou rememb'rest while a world forgets —
Thy seal is stamp'd upon the hallow'd place,
Where, though a light is round that never sets,
And memory lingers, measur'd by no days,
With FREEDOM'S children — hearts that cannot die! —
Yet does A PEOPLE from its CAPITOL
Look with unstartled pulse on that decay!
Hear the unheeded fragments as they fall,
Nor ask what glory there may be to save
The shrine to which it bows, from darkness and the grave!

Great FATHER of thy country! — if 'tis given,
Over its picture with an angel's eye
To gaze from the broad watch-towers of thy heaven —
How shall these black'ning lines of apathy
Strike on thy vision! — Shall ingratitude
To one whose life a people did redeem,
First strike thy spirit? — While o'er wrongs they brood,
Like hoarding misers o'er some golden dream,
Sparing that noble justice, which no shame
Can summon to obey — and give the land to Fame?

O look not — look not from thy throne of stars
Upon thy purchas'd world! — so bravely won!
There is a shadow that its radiance mars —
Deeper than the eclipse that drowns the sun!
Look not upon thy country! — she has bow'd
From that great pinnacle of glory down,
Where thou didst place her — and a voice aloud
Proclaims her loftier pride and beauty flown —
Look not upon thy country! until she
Recalls, with kindling thought, her DESTINY and THEE!

I stood upon the threshold of that home
Where he was gathered to his dreamless sleep!
Above me rose no tower or sculptur'd dome,
But a strange quietness that makes you weep,
Was round me like an atmosphere. I heard
That mocking of my footsteps through the hall,
And faint returnings of each whisper'd word,
Which on the listener like a trump will fall,
Though humble be the home and hearth he tread,
O'er which the desolating wings of Time have sped!

I stood upon that threshold. The far voice
Of the low, chanting winds was in my ear,
And my heart leaped within me, as with joys,
When I bethought me of past glories here —
And seem'd to read its story in that sound,
As syllabled by beings of the air,
Who swept unseen on silent wings around,
And held their ceaseless court of memory there!
Spirits that sentinel'd that quiet mount,
And linger'd as about some lone and magic fount.

And who were they — the band that cluster'd here
The pilgrim pathway to that lonely grave —
With eyes illum'd by recollection's tear,
As the past swept their spirits like a wave?
Who, that with quivering lip, as if in prayer,
And lifted brow, stood at that iron gate,
Within which, over spoils of glory rare,
Death, in his wonted home of victory sate —
The tomb of a world's FATHER — where the son
And daughter age shall bow — from the broad land he won!

They were the children of that favor'd land,
Bending above the ashes of its SIRE!
Beauty, with marble cheek and snowy hand,
Trembling as 'mid the music of its lyre,
When pointing to those relics of decay
That round her shrinking feet oft fell and rung,
As she pursued her melancholy way,
Where memory murmur'd with her ceaseless tongue,
Like the low forest music of the trees —
Or the great harmony that dies not, of the seas!

Woman, who 'neath that mould'ring archway bow'd,
And the dank dust with cautious step did press —
Where death's memorials did about her crowd —
Chilling decay enshrin'd with loveliness!
Woman! — and at her side a gentle youth,
With dark eye and low voice, like one who feels
The stirring revelation of great truth,
That, at such shrines, through the hush'd spirit steals —
And near, like a lost wand'rer 'mid the veil
Of other years, lean'd the sad bard that tells this tale.

And well they bow'd them at that holy place!
O long, with generations yet untold,
Shall here be held *one* Sabbath of their days
By men whom nought had tempted from their gold,
And the world's pleasures. Here, in bands, shall fall
The father and his children — as at first —
Till the worm revels 'mid the capitol,
And dome and pillar fellow with the dust —
Till the faint echo peal along the shore
Where her veil'd sun went down — *Trust Liberty no more!*

THE TRUE GLORY OF AMERICA.

Italia's vales and fountains,
Though beautiful ye be,
I love my soaring mountains
And forests more than ye;
And though a dreamy greatness rise
From out your cloudy years,
Like hills on distant stormy skies,
Seem dim through Nature's tears,
Still, tell me not of years of old,
Of ancient heart and clime;
Ours is the land and age of gold,
And ours the hallow'd time!

The jewell'd crown and sceptre
Of Greece have pass'd away;
And none, of all who wept her,
Could bid her splendor stay.
The world has shaken with the tread
Of iron-sandall'd crime —
And, lo! o'ershadowing all the dead,
The conqueror stalks sublime!
Then ask I not for crown and plume
To nod above my land;
The victor's footsteps point to doom,
Graves open round his hand!

Rome! with thy pillar'd palaces,
And sculptured heroes all,
Snatch'd, in their warm, triumphal days,
To Art's high festival;
Rome! with thy giant sons of power,
Whose pathway was on thrones,
Who built their kingdoms of an hour
On yet unburied bones, —
I would not have my land like thee,
So lofty — yet so cold!
Be hers a lowlier majesty,
In yet a nobler mould.

Thy marbles — works of wonder!
In thy victorious days,
Whose lips did seem to sunder
Before the astonish'd gaze;
When statute glared on statute there,
The living on the dead, —
And men as silent pilgrims were
Before some sainted head!
O, not for faultless marbles yet
Would I the light forego
That beams when other lights have set,
And Art herself lies low.

O, ours a holier hope shall be
Than consecrated bust,
Some loftier mean of memory
To snatch us from the dust.

And ours a sterner art than this,
Shall fix our image here, —
The spirit's mould of loveliness —
A noble BELVIDERE!

Then let them bind with bloomless flowers
The busts and urns of old, —
A fairer heritage be ours,
A sacrifice less cold!
Give honor to the great and good,
And wreathe the living brow,
Kindling with Virtue's mantling blood,
And pay the tribute now!

So, when the good and great go down,
Their statues shall arise,
To crowd those temples of our own,
Our fadeless memories!
And when the sculptured marble falls,
And Art goes in to die,
Our forms shall live in holier halls,
The Pantheon of the sky!

THE BUGLE.

O! WILD, enchanting horn!
Whose music up the deep and dewy air
Swells to the clouds, and calls on Echo there,
Till a new melody is born —

Wake, wake again, the night
Is bending from her throne of beauty down,
With still stars burning on her azure crown,
Intense and eloquently bright.

Night, at its pulseless noon!
When the far voice of waters mourns in song,
And some tired watch-dog, lazily and long
Barks at the melancholy moon.

Hark! how it sweeps away, (*i*)
Soaring and dying on the silent sky,
As if some sprite of sound went wandering by,
With lone holloo and roundelay!

Swell, swell in glory out!
Thy tones come pouring on my leaping heart,
And my stirr'd spirit hears thee with a start
As boyhood's old remember'd shout.

O! have ye heard that peal,
From sleeping city's moon-bathed battlements,
Or from the guarded field and warrior tents,
Like some near breath around you steal?

Or have ye in the roar
Of sea, or storm, or battle, heard it rise,
Shriller than eagle's clamor, to the skies,
Where wings and tempests never war?

Go, go — no other sound,
No music that of air or earth is born,
Can match the mighty music of that horn,
On midnight's fathomless profound!

Isaac McLellan.

AN EVENING SCENE.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE BY WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

The tender twilight with a crimson cheek
Leans on the breast of Eve. The wayward wind
Hath folded her fleet pinions, and gone down
To slumber by the darken'd woods — the herds
Have left their pastures, where the sward grows green
And lofty by the river's sedgy brink,
And slow are winding home. Hark, from afar
Their tinkling bells sound through the dusky glade
And forest openings, with a pleasant sound;
While answering Echo, from the distant hill
Sends back the music of the herdsman's horn.
How tenderly the trembling light yet plays
O'er the far-waving foliage! Day's last blush
Still lingers on the billowy waste of leaves,
With a strange beauty—like the golden flush
That haunts the ocean, when the day goes by.
Methinks, whene'er earth's wearying troubles pass
Like winter shadows o'er the peaceful mind,
'Twere sweet to turn from life, and pass abroad,
With solemn footsteps, into Nature's vast
And happy palaces, and lead a life
Of peace in some green paradise like this.

ISAAC M'LELLAN.

AGE, 43 YEARS.

Isaac McLellan, is a son of the late Isaac McLellan, Esq., of Portland, where he was born on the twentieth day of April, 1811. When quite young, his parents removed with him to Boston, in which city and vicinity he has since resided. His early education was received at the Phillips Academy, in the town of Andover, Mass. From this school he entered Bowdoin College, and graduated in the class of 1826. He then returned to Boston, where he pursued the study of the law for some time, and on being admitted to the 'Suffolk Bar,' in 1830, opened a law-office, and commenced practice in that city. For some years past he has done but little professional business, devoting his time and talent mostly to literature, and agricultural pursuits. He now resides at Dorchester, a few miles out of Boston, where he has a beautiful and tastefully arranged country residence. Here he can enjoy the sweets of poesy, and the comforts of life, amid blooming flowers, waving trees, and fresh cool air, a privilege enjoyed by but few of our literary men, the most of whom are

> "Dwellers in the crowded city,
> 'Mid its dust, and noise and heat."

Mr. McLellan made his first appearance before the public, as a prominent writer, while a student in Bowdoin College. He was at that time a regular contributor to 'Knapp's Boston Magazine,' and to the 'New-York Literary Gazette,' a well established and popular journal, then edited by William C. Bryant, the poet. In 1830, while practicing law in Boston, he became associated with the 'Boston Daily Pat-

riot,' which he conducted with great ability. He was also, at different periods, connected with other Boston journals and magazines. His first volume of poems appeared in 1836, under the title of 'The Fall of the Indian, and other Poems'; and two years later, in 1838, 'The Year, and other Poems'; and in 1843, a third volume of poems, entitled 'Mount Auburn.' Many of the poems contained in these volumes were written by the author, during College life, and were first published in 'Knapp's Boston Magazine,' and the 'New-York Literary Gazette.' In 1837, he pronounced a Poem before the 'Phi Beta Kappa' of Bowdoin College; and in 1839, went to England, where he spent some time, and from thence made an extended tour through France, Germany, Italy, also visiting Egypt and Syria. While making this tour he contributed a series of very interesting letters to the 'Boston Daily Courier,' under the head of 'Foreign Travels,' and returned to the United States after an absence of two years, and renewed the practice of law in Boston. As a poet, Mr. McLellan has attained a high reputation, and is placed in the ranks of our most celebrated poets. We regret to say, however, that his later poems are evidently thrown off in a hurry, and with little study. But few of them evince the careful finish that beautifies his earlier productions. He is still adding to his established reputation by contibuting to a few of the select and leading Magazines now published.

THE NOTES OF THE BIRDS.

Well do I love those various harmonies
That ring so gaily in spring's budding woods,
And in thickets, and green, quiet haunts,
And lonely copses of the summer-time,
And in red autumn's ancient solitudes.

If thou art pain'd with the world's noisy stir,
Or crazed with its mad tumult, and weigh'd down
With any of the ills of human life;
If thou art sick and weak, or mournest at the loss
Of brethren gone to that far distant land
To which we all do pass, gentle and poor,
The gayest and the gravest, all alike;
Then turn into the peaceful woods, and hear
The thrilling music of the forest-birds.

How rich the varied choir! The unquiet finch
Calls from the distant hollows, and the wren
Uttereth her sweet and mellow pliant at times,
And the thrush mourneth where the kalmia hangs
Its crimson-spotted caps, or chirps half hid
Amid the lowly dogwood's snowy flowers,
And the blue jay flits by, from tree to tree,
And, spreading its rich pinions, fills the ear
With its shrill sounding and unearthly cry.

With the sweet airs of spring, the robin comes;
And in her simple song there seems to gush
A strain of sorrow when she visiteth

Her last year's wither'd nest. But when the gloom
Of the deep twilight falls, she takes her perch
Upon the red-stemm'd hazel's slender twig,
That overhangs the brook, and suits her song
To the slow rivulet's incessant chime.
In the last days of autumn, when the corn
Lies sweet and yellow in the harvest-field,
And the gay company of reapers bind
The bearded wheat in sheaves, — then peals abroad
The blackbird's merry chant. I love to hear,
Bold plunderer, thy mellow burst of song
Float from thy watch-place on the mossy tree
Close at the corn-field edge.
Lone whip-poor-will,
There is much sweetness in thy fitful hymn,
Heard in the drowsy watches of the night.
Ofttimes, when all the village lights are out,
And the wide air is still, I hear thee chant
Thy hollow dirge like some recluse who takes
His lodging in the wilderness of woods,
And lifts his anthem when the world is still:
And the dim, solemn night, that brings to man
And to the herds, deep slumbers, and sweet dews
To the red roses and the herbs, doth find
No eye, save thine, a watcher in her halls.
I hear thee oft at midnight, when the thrush
And the green, roving linnet are at rest,
And the blithe, twittering swallows have long ceased
Their noisy notes, and folded up their wings.
Far up some brook's still course, whose current mines
The forest's blacken'd roots, and whose green marge
Is seldom visited by human foot,

The lonely heron sits, and harshly breaks
The Sabbath-silence of the wilderness :
And you may find her by some reedy pool,
Or brooding gloomily on the time-stain'd rock,
Beside some misty and far-reaching lake.

Most awful is thy deep and heavy boom,
Gray watcher of the waters! Thou art king
Of the blue lake; and all the winged kind
Do fear the echo of thine angry cry.
How bright thy savage eye! Thou lookest down
And seest the shining fishes as they glide ;
And, poising thy gray wing, thy glossy beak
Swift as an arrow strikes its roving prey.
Ofttimes I see thee, through the curling mist,
Dart, like a spectre of the night, and hear
Thy strange, bewildering call, like the wild scream
Of one whose life is perishing in the sea.

And now, wouldst thou, O man, delight the ear
With earth's delicious sounds, or charm the eye
With beautiful creations? Then pass forth,
And find them midst those many-color'd birds
That fill the glowing woods. The richest hues
Lie in their splendid plumage, and their tones
Are sweeter than the music of the lute,
Or the harp's melody, or the notes that gush
So thrillingly from Beauty's ruby lip.

THE FIELDS OF WAR.

They rise, by stream, and yellow shore,
  By mountain, moor, and fen;
By weedy rock, and torrent hoar,
  And lonesome forest-glen!
From many a woody moss-grown mound,
  Start forth a war-worn band,
As when of old they caught the sound,
Of hostile arms, and closed around —
  To guard their native land.

Hark! to the clanging horn —
  Hark, to the rolling drum!
Arms glitter in the flash of morn —
The hosts to battle come!
The serried files, the plumed troop
  Are marshal'd once again,
Along the Hudson's mountain-group,
  Along the Atlantic main!

On Bunker, at the dead of night,
I seem to see the raging fight,
The burning town, the smoky height,
  The onset, — the retreat!
And, down the banks of Brandywine,
I see the leveled bayonets shine;
And lurid clouds of battle twine,
  Where struggling columns meet.

Yorktown and Trenton blaze once more;
And, by the Delaware's frozen shore,
The hostile guns at midnight roar,
  The hostile shouts arise.
The snows of Valley-Forge grow red,
And Saratoga's field is spread
With heaps of undistinguished dead,
  And filled with dying cries!

* * * *

'Tis o'er; the battle-shout has died
By ocean, stream, and mountain-side;
And the bright harvest, far and wide,
  Waves o'er the blood-drenched field.
The rank grass o'er it greenly grows —
And oft, the upturning shares disclose
The buried arms and bones of those
  Who fell, but would not yield!

Time's rolling chariot hath effaced
The very hillocks, where were placed
The bodies of the dead in haste,
  Who closed the furious fight.
The ancient fort and rampart-mound
Long since have settled to the ground,
  On Bunker's famous height —
And the last relics of the brave
Are sunken to oblivion's grave.

AUTUMN.

'Round Autumn's mouldering urn,
Loud mourns the chill and cheerless gale,
When nightfall shades the quiet vale.
The stars in beauty burn. — LONGFELLOW.

Now, in the fading woods, the Autumn blast
Chants its old hymn, — a melancholy sound!
And look! the yellow leaves are dropping fast,
And earth looks bleak and desolate around.

The flowers have lost their glorious scent and bloom,
And shiver now as flies the tempest by;
To some far clime hath flown the wild bird's plume,
To greener woods, and some serener sky.

The reaper's sheaf hath now grown white and thin;
The bearded wheat, and golden ear of corn,
The jocund husbandmen have gathered in;
And from the fields the seedy hay is borne.

The orchards all have showered their treasures down,
In many a pile of crimson and of gold;
There will be wealth of sparkling price to crown,
The foamy glass when the Year's death is knoll'd.

Silent are these barren-hills! save when the tree
Falls 'neath the far-off woodman's measur'd stroke;
Or when the squirrel chatters noisily,
Or carrion crow screams from the leafless oak.

Methinks there's something sad in thy decay,
Oh! merry-hearted Autumn! like a man
Whose head is in his prime turned gray,
The red cheek in a little hour made wan.

Poet! doth no regrets o'ercast thy dream,
To see the good old Autumn thus depart?
And gloom fast darkening Summer's golden gleam,
E'en as afflictions change the cheerful heart.

E'en as I follow to his lowly bed,
The ashes of some kind, and well-beloved friend,
So, with a saddened eye and mournful tread,
I see thee, Autumn! to oblivion tend.

Yet beautiful are thy last fleeting days,
When glows the hectic on thy dying cheek;
When leaves are red, clouds bright, and hangs the haze
In many a colored fold, and gaudy streak.

I hear the voice of Autumn! the deep dirge
Hymned plaintively within his ruined hall,
Its solemn sound comes like the beating surge,
Or thunder of the distant water-fall!

NEW ENGLAND'S DEAD.

New England's dead! New England's dead!
On every hill they lie;
On every field of strife, made red
By bloody victory.
Each valley, where the battle pour'd
Its red and awful tide,
Beheld the brave New England sword
With slaughter deeply dyed.
Their bones are on the northern hill,
And on the southern plain,
By brook and river, lake and rill,
And by the roaring main.

The land is holy where they fought,
And holy where they fell;
For by their blood the land was bought,
The land they loved so well.
Then glory to that valiant band,
The honor'd warriors of the land.

O, few and weak their numbers were —
A handful of brave men;
But to their God they gave their prayer,
And rushed to battle then.
The God of battles heard their cry,
And sent to them the victory.

They left the ploughshare in the mould,
Their flocks and herds without a fold,
The sickle in the unshorn grain,
The corn, half-garner'd, on the plain,
And muster'd, in their simple dress,
For wrongs to seek a stern redress,
To right those wrongs, come weal, or woe,
To perish, or o'ercome their foe.

* * * *

'And where are ye, O fearless men?
And where are ye to-day?
I call: — the hills reply again
That ye have pass'd away;
That on old Bunker's lonely height,
In Trenton, and in Monmouth ground,
The grass grows green, the harvest bright
Above each soldier's mound.'

* * * *

The bugle's wild and warlike blast
Shall muster them no more;
An army now might thunder past,
And they heed not its roar.
The starry flag, 'neath which they fought,
In many a bloody day,
From their old graves shall rouse them not,
For they have pass'd away.

THE DEATH OF NAPOLEON.

Wild was the night; yet a wilder night
Hung round the soldier's pillow;
In his bosom there waged a fiercer fight
Than the fight of the wrathful billow.

A few fond mourners were kneeling by,
The few that his stern heart cherish'd;
They knew, by his glaz'd and unearthly eye,
That life had nearly perish'd.

They knew by his awful and kingly look,
By the order hastily spoken, (*j*)
That he dream'd of days when the nations shook,
And the nations' hosts were broken.

He dream'd that the Frenchman's sword still slew,
And triumph'd the Frenchman's 'eagle;'
And the struggling Austrian fled anew,
Like the hare before the beagle.

The bearded Russian he scourged again,
The Prussian's camp was routed,
And again, on the hills of haughty Spain,
His mighty armies shouted.

Over Egypt's sands, over Alpine snows,
At the pyramids, at the mountain,
Where the wave of the lordly Danube flows,
And by the Italian fountain,

On the snowy cliffs, where mountain streams
Dash by the Switzer's dwelling,
He led again, in his dying dreams,
His hosts, the broad earth quelling.

Again Marengo's field was won,
And Jena's bloody battle;
Again the world was overrun,
Made pale at his cannons' rattle.

He died at the close of that darksome day,
A day that shall live in story:
In the rocky land they placed his clay,
'And left him alone in his glory.'

JUNE.

With sunny smiles and showery tears
The soft, young June-day morn appears;
Above each twisting old tree-root,
  Above the verdurous springing grass,
Above the green sward's tender shoot
    Thy dancing footsteps pass.
Thy clear eye swims in liquid light,
  Thy golden tresses unbound flow,
Thy gay voice ringeth with delight,
  Thy cheeks with healthful beauty glow.

Sweet June! with thy fair forehead bound
With dewy wild-flowers, and with roses crown'd,
    I love thee well.
Deep in the heart of man, all o'er the earth,
Thy presence spreads a lively tone of mirth,
    A soft, deep spell.
The newly-budded groves repeat thy call
  With joy through all their thick arcades;
And the hoarse-plunging waterfall
  Rejoices in its dim, primeval shades.

John Neal.

SHAKSPEARE'S TOMB.

Rash Man! — Forbear!
Thou wilt not surely tread
On the anointed head
Of him that slumbereth there!
Wouldst meet the God of such as thou,
With that unstartled brow!
With covered head and covered feet!
Where William Shakspeare used to meet
His God,
Uncovered and unshod,
In prayer!
Thou wilt not surely venture where
But *sleeps* the awful dead,
With this irreverent air,
And that alarming tread.
What, ho?
Beware!
The very dust, below
The haughty dead, will make
The walls about thee shake,
If that uplifted heel,
Shod as it is with steel,
Should fall on Shakspeare's head!

JOHN NEAL.

AGE, 61 YEARS.

JOHN NEAL, Esq., also known in the literary world, as "Jehu O'Cataract," was born in the city of Portland, August the twenty-fifth, 1793. In a note he informs us that he is a graduate of no College, being a self-educated man, which reflects great credit upon his perseverance, and success in literary acquirements. On arriving at that age which frees the young man from parental bondage, Mr. Neal removed to Baltimore, and soon after entered into copartnership with John Pierpont, now known as Rev. John Pierpont, the poet, but not meeting with success, they abandoned mercantile pursuits, and chose the more hazardous ones of literature, in which, however, they were abundantly successful. His first articles appeared in the "The Portico," a Southern monthly Magazine. In 1818 "Keep Cool, a Novel," his first work, made its first appearance, followed the succeeding year by "The Battle of Niagara, and other Poems," also "Otho, a Tragedy". in 1821, "Allen's History of the American Revolution," to which he contributed largely; in 1822, "Logan, a Novel," which from its great popularity was reprinted, and had an extensive sale in England. This was followed by "Seventy-Six," said to have been the most popular of Mr. Neal's works. In 1823, he published "Randolph,'" also, "Errata, or the Works of Will Adams." During his sojourn in France and England, whither he went in 1824, he published "Brother Jonathan, a Novel," and also contributed many able articles to Blackwood's and other Magazines, among which were "The Five American Presidents and their Rival Candidates," an article that attracted a great deal of attention, and brought its author into distinguished notice. On his return, in 1828, to Port-

land, Mr. Neal commenced his Novel of "Rachel Dyer," which appeared during that year. "Bentham's Morals and Legislation," "The Down Easters," "Authorship," and a work on "Spiritualism," have since appeared; also, numerous contributions to the leading Magazines. Since that time, Mr. Neal has devoted himself more particularly to his profession, the practice of law, at Portland, and has acquired a considerable fortune, which he is now enjoying. Dr. Griswold, in his "Poets and Poetry of America," has the followlng notes in regard to Mr. Neal:—

"In a note in 'Blackstone's Magazine,' Mr. Neal says he wrote 'Randolph' in thirty-six days, with an interval of about a week between the two volumes, in which he wrote nothing; 'Errata' in less than thirty-nine days; and 'Seventy-Six' in twenty-seven days. During this time he was engaged in professional duties, tnd they were written in the leisure and idle hours of a lawyer.'

"When Mr. Neal lived in Baltimore, he went one evening to the rooms of Pierpont, and read to him a poem which he had just completed. The author of 'Airs of Palestine,' was always a nice critic, and he frankly pointed out the faults of the poem. Neal promised to revise it and submit it again on the following morning. At the time appointed he repaired to the apartment of his friend, and read to him a new poem of three or four hundred lines; he had tried to improve his first attempt, but failing to do so, had chosen a new subject, a new measure, and produced an entirely new work, before he had retired to sleep. True poetry is never so written."

These notes illustrate the energy and go-ahead-itiveness of Mr. Neal. He cannot bear to have any thing obstruct his path, and if he cannot force his way through, he chooses the quicker mode of breaking a new road around. The rapidity with which his works were written, injured their permanent popularity, to secure which they should be carefully revised and re-issued. The absence of a finished education, also, detracted much from their merit. This fault could also be remedied.

THE BATTLE OF NIAGARA.

AN EXTRACT. (*h*)

And there the stranger stays: beneath that oak,
Whose shattered majesty hath felt the stroke
Of heaven's own thunder — yet it proudly heaves
A giant sceptre, wreathed with blasted leaves, —
As though it dared the elements, and stood
The guardian of that cot, the monarch of that wood.
Beneath its venerable vault he stands:
And one might think, who saw his outstretch'd hands,
That something more than soldiers e'er may feel,
Had touch'd him with its holy, calm appeal:
That yonder wave — the heaven — the earth — the air
Had call'd upon his spirit for her prayer.
His eye goes dimly o'er the midnight scene:
The oak — the cot — the wood — the faded green —
The moon — the sky — the distant morning light, —
All, all are gathering on his dampen'd sight.
His warrior helm and plume, his fresh-dyed blade,
Beneath a window on the turf are laid;
The panes are ruddy through the clambering vines,
And blushing leaves, that summer intertwines
In warmer tints than e'er luxuriant spring,
O'er flower-embosomed roof led wandering.
His pulses quicken; for a rude, old door
Is opened by the wind; he sees the floor,

Strew'd with white sand, on which he used to trace
His boyhood's battles, and assign a place
To charging hosts, and give the Indian yell,
And shout to hear the hoary grandsire tell
How he had fought with savages, whose breath
He felt upon his cheek like mildew till his death.
Hark! that sweet song, how full of tenderness!
O, who would breathe in this voluptuous press
Of lulling thoughts! so soothing, and so low,
Like singing fountains in their faintest flow:
It is as if some holy, lovely thing,
Within our very hearts were murmuring.
The soldier listens, and his arms are press'd
In thankfulness; and trembling on his breast;
Now, on the very window where he stands,
Are seen a clambering infant's rosy hands,
And now,— ah! heaven! blessings on that smile!
Stay, soldier, stay! O, linger yet awhile!
An airy vision now appears, with eyes
As tender as the weeping skies,
Yet sunny in their radiance, as that blue
When sunset glitters on its falling dew:
With form — all joy and dance — as bright and free
As youthful nymph of mountain liberty,
Or naked angels, dream'd by poesy;
A blooming infant to her heart is press'd
And, ah, a mother's song is lulling it to rest.
A single bound! our chief is standing by,
Trembling from head to foot with ecstacy;
'Bless thee!' at length he murmur'd, 'bless thee love!
My wife! my boy!' Their eyes are raised above.
His soldier's tread of sounding strength is gone,

A choking transport drowns his manly tone.
He sees the closing of that mild, blue eye,
His bosom echoes to a faint, low cry,
His glorious boy springs freshly from his sleep,
Shakes his thin sun-curls, while his eyebeams leap,
As half in fear, along the stranger's dress,
Then, half advancing, yields to his caress;
Then peers beneath his locks, and seeks his eye,
With the clear look of radiant infancy,
The cherub smile of love, the azure of the sky.
The stranger now is kneeling by the side
Of that young mother, watching for the tide
Of her returning life: it comes; a glow
Goes faintly, slowly, o'er her cheek and brow:
A rising of the gauze that lightly shrouds
A snowy breast, like twilight's melting clouds,
In nature's pure, still eloquence, betrays
The feelings of the heart that reels beneath his gaze.

AMBITION.

I LOVED to hear the war-horn cry,
And panted at the drum's deep roll;
And held my breath, when — flaming high —
I saw our starry banners fly,
As challenging the haughty sky;
They went like battle o'er my soul:
For I was so ambitious then,
I burn'd to be the slave — of men.

I stood and saw in the morning light,
A standard swaying far and free;
And loved it like the conquering flight
Of angels floating wide and bright,
Above the stars, above the fight
Where nations warred for liberty:
And thought I heard the battle-cry
Of trumpets in the hollow sky.

I sail'd upon the dark-blue deep,
And shouted to the eagle soaring;
And hung me from a rocking steep,
When all but spirits were asleep:
And O, my very soul would leap
To hear the gallant waters roaring:
For every sound and shape of strife
To me was but the breath of life.

* * * *

THE BIRTH OF A POET.

On a blue summer night,
When the stars were asleep,
Like gems of the deep,
In their drowsy light;
While the newly-mown hay
On the green earth lay,
And all that came near it went scented away.

From a lone, woody place
There look'd out a face,
With large, blue eyes,
Like the wet, warm skies,
Brim full of water and light;
A profusion of hair
Flashing out in the air,
And a forehead alarmingly bright!

'Twas the head of a poet! He grew
As the sweet, strange flowers of the wilderness grow,
In the dropping of natural dew,
Unheeded — alone —
Till his heart had blown —
As the sweet, strange flowers of the wilderness blow!

Till every thought wore a changeable strain,
Like flower-leaves wet with the sunset rain:
A proud and passionate boy was he,
Like all the children of Poesy;
With a haughty look, and a haughty tread,
And something awful about his head;
With wonderful eyes,
Full of woe and surprise, —

Like the eyes of them that can see the dead.
Looking about,
For a moment or two, he stood,
On the shore of the mighty wood;
Then ventured out,
With a bounding step and a joyful shout,
The brave sky bending o'er him!
The broad sea all before him!

Edmund Flagg.

FARE-THEE WELL.

Aye, be it so! The clouds around me bending,
Thy sunnier lot in life must never shade:
Hopes withered wishes on the heart descending,
Must never cause that smiling lip to fade;
Enough that we have met, though sad the parting—
Enough, if I have shrined within thy heart
One simple thought — ah, but one lingering feeling —
With which, without a sigh, thou wouldst not part.

Then fare-thee-well! whate'er the fate betiding —
Whate'er of grief, or joy, may chance to me—
Oh, may Love's rainbow ever o'er thee bending,
Hallow a life of bright tranquillity.
And, when of me all memory hath perished,
If chance — as chance it may — thou hear'st my name,
Think 'tis of one whose thoughts of thee are cherished—
Who — dead to love — had lived alone for fame.

EDMUND FLAGG.

AGE, 39 YEARS.

Hon. EDMUND FLAGG is the only son of the late Edmund Flagg, of Chester, N. H., and was born in the town of Wiscasset, on the twenty-fourth day of November, 1815. He graduated with distinction at Bowdoin College, in the class of 1835, and immediately went West with his mother and sister, passing the winter at Louisville, teaching the classics to a few boys, and contributing largely to Prentice's 'Louisville Journal.' The summer of 1836, he passed in wandering over the expansive prairies of Illinois and Missouri, writing 'Sketches of a Traveller,' for the 'Louisville Journal,' which were afterwards published in a work entitled 'The Far West.' During the succeeding fall and winter, Mr. Flagg read law with the Hon. Hamilton Gamble, now Judge of the Supreme Court of Missouri, and commenced practice in the Courts. In 1838, he edited the 'St. Louis Daily Commercial Bulletin,' and during that fall, published 'The Far West,' in two volumes, from the press of the Harpers. In December, he became connected with George D. Prentice, Esq., in conducting 'The Louisville Literary News-Letter,' but on account of ill health, in the following spring, he accepted an invitation to practice law with the Hon. Seargent S. Prentiss, of Vicksburg, Miss. While here Mr. Flagg was severely wounded in a duel with the noted desperado and duelist, Dr. James Hagan, editor of the 'Vicksburg Sentinel,' and who was killed in a duel two years after. In 1842, he conducted the 'Gazette,' published at Marietta, Ohio, and at the sametime wrote two novels,—'Carrero; or, The Prime Minister," and 'Francis of Valois,' which were published in New-York. In 1844 and 5, he conducted the 'St. Louis Evening Gazette;' and for several years succeeding was 'Reporter of the Courts,' of St. Louis County. In the meantime, he pub-

lished several prize novels, among which were 'The Howard Queen,' 'Blanche of Artois, and also several dramas, that were successfully produced in the theatres of St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati, and New-York.

In the spring of 1848, Mr. Flagg went out as Secretary to the Hon. Edward A. Hannegan, American Minister to Berlin, which afforded him an opportunity to travel over England, Germany and France. On his return, he again located at St. Louis, and resumed the practice of law. In 1850, he received the appointment of Consul for the Port of Venice, under the administration of President Fillmore. He visited England and Wales, and travelled through central Europe, to Venice, and entered upon the duties of his consulate, corresponding in the meantime with several of the New-York Journals. In the fall of 1851, he visited Florence, Rome, Naples, and the other Italian cities, and in November, embarked at Marseilles, for New-Orleans, and on his arrival proceeded to St. Louis, and took charge of the Democratic organ at that place, and conducted it through the Presidential canvass of 1852. The following year, his last work was published in New-York, in two illustrated volumes, entitled 'Venice, The City of the Sea,' and comprises the history of that celebrated capital, from the invasion by Napoleon, in 1797, to its capitulation to Radetzky, after its renovation and the terrible seige of 1848 and 49. A third volume, to be entitled 'North Italy since 1849,' is, we understand, nearly ready for publication. In 1853 and '54, a series of elegant illustrated works, issued in numbers, were published by Meyer, in New-York, under the title of the 'United States Illustrated.' The larger portion of the Sketches in these works, referring to the West, were contributed by Mr. Flagg. He is now Chief Clerk of a Bureau in the Department of State, at Washington, which office he has filled for several years. As a prose writer, Mr. Flagg takes a high rank in the literature of our country, and is destined to achieve a fame that his native State may well be proud to honor. As a poet, he occupies a prominent position among our second class poets.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

It is the night's lone hour!
The trooping winds have ceased their wint'ry wail
And, quietly, like sleeping seraphim,
Lie pillow'd on the dim and distant cloud.
The many stars like the weird warders
Of an angel-host, look sadly down
From their far, heavenly homes, in mournful beauty,
On our world of sorrow; and the placid wave
Heaves to the presence of her stately queen,
And silvery clouds enfold their loosen'd robes,
And, languidly, as wearied visions, sweep
Around her throne; — watching the death-bed,
Of the dying year, as fondly as they watched
His hour of birth; — looking upon our world
With the same calm and guardian watchfulness, —
With the self-same serene and holy love,
As though they ne'er had wept o'er scenes of blood,
And earth had never known of desolation.
Oh, to a soul, not wed to this dark world, —
A heart which yearneth for a holier sphere, —
There is a beauty on Night's queenly brow,
Deck'd in her jewel'd tiara of stars,
Which, with a power unspeakable, appeals!
It tells of wasted years, and shatter'd dreams, —
Of violated vows, and vanish'd joys,
And shrouded memories; and, as we kneel,
The pale, sweet images around us rise

Of Memory, and Hope, and Peace, and Youth;
And with imploring hands beckon us back,
To list the precepts of our better days.

And you, ye stars, which on my brow pour out
Your holy light! — Orbs of unearthly glory! —
Altar-fires, before Jehovah's shrine
Forever burning; or, the living eyes
Of seraph-hosts, that round his mighty throne,
Veiling their faces, bow, while myriad voices
Shout in sweet seraph-music their rejoicing, —
Ye are the types of Fate, if ye are not, —
As hoary men of old have loved to dream, —
Its arbiters; and, on the giant scroll
Of the blue pillar'd, boundless firmament,
Glitt'ring all o'er with gorgeous heraldry, —
Is writ the record of another year!
Star after star ceaseth to shine on high, —
Year after year passeth from human life
And earthly being!

ANOTHER YEAR!

How like a knell upon the thoughtful mind, —
How like a requiem on the Fancy's ear, —
How like a dirge upon the wearied heart,
Sinks the deep cadance of those mournful words, —
ANOTHER YEAR HATH FLED! — Gone! — it is gone!
With all its smiles and tears, — its woes and joys!
Gone with all its anguish, which hath wrung the heart;
Gone with its rapture, which hath made earth Heaven;
Its hopes and dreams, — its sighs and agonies, —
Its weariness and bitterness of life, —
Its yearnings for a happier world to come.

Spring, with her forest-plume and em'rald fields,
Hath gone, — and Summer's flowers and vine-leaves;
Autumn, sad Autumn, with her rainbow woods,
While Winter's stern and melancholy form
Hangs o'er his harp and wails the year's decay.
Another star hath vanish'd from the sky, —
Another wave hath broken on the shore, —
Another leaf hath quiver'd from the tree
Of mortal being; and their last, low moan,
Upon the night, in mystic minstrelsy, —
Like music to the dreaming slumberer, —
Is dying on the ear.

The year
Hath fled, but, upon ev'ry brow its recording
Is writ; and ev'ry breast hath its own register
Of joy and woe. And human hearts have bled,
And tears have flowed; Affection bowed her o'er
The pale, sweet form, and the still, marble brow
Where all — where all Life's hopes were garnered.
And Love hath kneel'd, — to find its idol clay!
Ambition soared, — to sink, — to soar no more!
And Hope hath waked to watch, but watched in vain!

Yet, Love, the phœnix, from his ashy grave
Again shall rise! Hope's flowers shall bloom and wave
Around Despair's dark tomb! Ambition's torch,
Rekindled and relumed, more brightly burn;
And human hearts will dream, as they have dreamed,
And they will bleed, as they have bled before.
Upon Time's vestal altar ever flames
His sacrificial fires, consuming hopes,
And joys, and youth — to be renew'd no more.

Through some deserted chamber of each breast,
Some phantom shape, — some spectre of the past, —
The wand'ring ghost of some departed joy, —
The troubled spirit of some happy dream, —
Forever glides ; and, in its desolate aisles,
Seeketh a sanctuary — finding none.
The year hath passed ! And, as with all mankind
And the fair forms of Nature, it hath passed
With nations,—kingdoms,—thrones.

Change after change !
Upon all earth, thy shadow rests !
On ev'ry land, — on ev'ry race, thy seal
Is sternly set ; and change succeedeth change
In an unending, everlasting round.
One thing alone, in all our life, is sure ;
One thing alone is changeless, — that is Death !
How doth this changeless course of Nature show,
That there are other, — brighter worlds than this !
That there are other beings, — other laws,
And other purposes, than cannot be scann'd
By the dim, darken'd powers of human sense !

We do not know the laws which rule our being,
Nor can we pierce that deep, mysterious veil,
Which shrouds our destiny and its design.
But this we know, — that as hath been, will be, —
The shriek of sorrow, and the wail of woe, —
The knell of death, — bereavement, and despair, —
And stifled moans of anguish'd human hearts.
The sound of joy, — the sigh of agony ; —
The veil, the pall, — the bridal and the bier.

And this we know, — that God's vast Universe
Is sway'd by sov'reignty unchanging, — just;
While all Man's sufferings and Nature's throes
Are but the features of one mighty plan.
But list! From the lone turret of yon sacred Fane,
From which so oft, in other years, have gone
The self-same mournful tones, — Time's iron tongue
Again — again, in solemn numbers, tolls
The heavy boom of a funereal knell!

THE YEAR IS DEAD!

And now, the midnight hour is come,
The spirit-hosts are forth! Illusive voices, —
Well-remember'd tones upon the ear
Of the sad watcher fall; and whispers seek him
From that misty shore beyond the billows
Of Death's spectral flood; and pale, sweet faces,
With their gaze of more than mortal fondness,
On the mystic wave an instant linger, —
Beck'ning him away; then, in the vapor veil
Which shrouds the tomb, they melt — they melt forever!
And Memory, the great Magician, lifts the pall
Of the dead Past, and myriad visions throng
Her magic halls; and all those visions,
And those spirit-tones, and the deep meanings
Of that mournful bell read to the lonely watcher, —
Ay! — to him, — to us, — to all Earth's dwellers, —
That, ere long, Time shall to each, —
As to the year now in Oblivion buried, —
Be no more forever!

THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

Science,
With her twin-sister Art, hath sealed th' Empyrean!
Science, — like the dread angel of th' Apocalypse, —
Hath destined Space and Time to be no more!
From the immortal mind now leaps the thought,
And, yet unspoken, on the lightning's wing
Girdleth the globe! — Away — away flasheth
The magic line of thought and feeling!
Over land, — o'er sea, — o'er mountain, stream, and vale, —
Through forest dense, and darkest wilderness, —
'Mid storm and tempest, fleets the electric spell: —
Then to its home, through earth's deep entrails, speeds
Backward in fiery circuit to its rest;
While earth's green bosom doth itself evolve
Magnetic flame to light the flashing line!
No more the viewless couriers of the winds
Are emblems of the messengers of mind.
The speed of sound, — the speed of light surpass'd, —
The speed of thought, — Mind's magnetism, —
And th' omnipotent power of Fancy's flight,
Alone can rival the electric charm!
Swifter than earth upon its axle whirl'd, —
Swifter than Time, — for Time itself's outsped, —
More swift than speech, — for unembodied thoughts,
And feelings unconceived, and words unformed,

Fly on the enchanted cord in syllables!
The fabled chain connecting Earth with Heaven, —
Its links may circle the great globe itself;
And o'er its surface weave a mystic web
Of tissued wire-work, like to human nerves, —
On which volition, passion, feeling fly,
Electrifying, by magnetic spells,
All nations, and all kindreds, and all tongues, —
'Till Commerce, slave no more to sordid gain,
Shall civilize and christianize a world!
Man's mind with necromantic art hath plucked
The sunbeam from his home by magic touch
To paint his visions; and, with Heaven's lightnings
Swift he pens his thoughts, or telegraphs o'er seas,
And State, and continents, his secret wish
To the wide brotherhood of human-kind!
E'en now — e'en now, the hoarse Atlantic surge
Reverberates from Mississippi's shores;
And Neptune's trident by the Sire of Floods
Is grasped'd in friendship! In the far-off East,
Lake Erie, from her iron crag, sends forth
Her greeting to the Ocean! The North!
The frozen North salutes the sunny South,
And thy blue peaks, proud Alleghany, shout
Unto the summits of the Rocky Range;
While prairie, forest, city, mountain-height,
And the sweet valley of *La Belle Riviere*,
Like voice of many waters, join their song!
And the dread question of God's ancient seer, —
"Canst thou send lightnings that they go and ome,
And say, — 'Here, — here, we are?'" — is answer'd!

THE WITHERED FLOWERS.

I KNEW they would perish!
Those beautiful flowers —
As the hopes that we cherish
In youth's sunny bowers: —
I knew they'd be faded!
Though with fond, gentle care
Their bright leaves were shaded,
Decay still was there.

So all that is brightest
Ever first fades away,
And the joys that leap lightest,
The earliest decay.
The heart that was nearest,
The wildest will rove,
And the friend that was dearest,
The first cease to love.

And the purest, the noblest,
The loveliest — we know
Have e'er been the surest,
And the soonest to go.
The birds that sing sweetest,
The flowers most pure,
In their beauty are fleetest,
In their fate the most sure.

Yet still though thy flowers
Are withered and gone,
They will live like some hours
In memory alone.
In that hallowed shrine, only,
Sleep things we would cherish,
Pure, priceless, loved, lonely,
They never can perish.

Then I'll mourn ye no more,
Ye pale leaves that are shed,
Though your brightness is o'er,
Your perfume is not fled;
And like thine *aroma* —
The spirit of flowers —
Remembrance will hover
O'er the grave of past hours.

SMILES OFT DECEIVE US.

The saddest heart oft gayest seems,
And joins the merry glee,
While breaking are its tender chords,
By griefs we cannot see.
Then trust not to a smiling face,
Or heart that merry seems,
For in that heart may sorrow be,
Though joy from out it beams.
'FRANK GREENWOOD.'

AH, do not say the heart is light,
And free from every care,
Because the eye beams calm and bright,
And only peace is there.
Around the monumental stone
The gayest flowers may creep —
The breast may wither chill and lone,
Yet smiles the brow may keep.

Unseen — unknown — the electric dart
Sleeps in the rolling cloud —
So sleeps within the stricken heart
The grief it most would shroud.
The sunniest smile may often glow
Where sorrows gloomiest lower —
Upon the sky will hang the bow,
Though all is shade and shower.

The mountain-oak oft seems most sound,
When yielding to decay —
The breast may hide a deadly wound,
While lip and cheek are gay.
Along the crushed and crumbling tower
The ivy-leaf may steal —
So laugh and jest in pleasure's bower
The wasting heart conceal.

Soft summer's leaves are fresh and fair,
But not so bright are they,
As when on Autumn's misty air
The forest-rainbows play.
Fair on the cheek is beauty's blush,
Where rose and lily meet,
And yet consumption's hectic flush,
Though sad, is far more sweet.

'Tis not — 'tis not the clam'rous groan —
The querulous complaint —
The gushing tear — the frequent moan
That speaks the soul's lament.
Sorrow's a proud — a lonely thing,
And never stoops to mourn —
The Spartan's mantle o'er the fang
It clasps, and bleeds alone.

There oft is woe which never weeps —
Tears which are never shed —
Deep in the soul their fountain sleeps,
When hope and joy are fled.

Yet, who would ask the stagnant breast,
Which chills not — never glows?
Who would not spurn that waveless rest
Which neither ebbs nor flows?

Then, think not, though the brow is free
From shade of gloom or care,
The breast is as a summer sea,
And happiness dwells there.
Ah, think not, though the sunny glance
Upon the cheek may play,
And on the lip the jest may dance,
That grief is far away.

Seba Smith.

ODE TO CHESAPEAKE BAY.

Thou Ocean Bay!
Though now with sails unfurl'd,
Collecting from the mighty deep,
Over thy curling waters sweep
The fleets of half the world;
There was a day,
Nor distant far the time,
When in thy solitude sublime,
Save light canoe by artless savage plied,
No sail was ever seen to skim thy billowy tide.

Bright Chesapeake —
Though now thy shores are crown'd
With grassy lawns and fields of grain,
That smile and cheer the laboring swain,
And songs go blithely round,
That well bespeak
How pleasant joys may flow;
Yet two short centuries ago
No human voice was here, save savage yell,
And dark upon thy wave the forest shadows fell,

Mother of waters —
Thy noble streams did glide
Beneath a woody canopy,
Through countless years; and bright and free,
And lovely by thy side,
As beauteous daughters,
They lift their voice on high,
And clap their hands as they go by
Proud Baltimore's rich monuments and domes,
Columbia's palace-halls, and Richmond's patriot homes.

SEBA SMITH.

AGE, 62 YEARS.

SEBA SMITH, Esq., was born in the town of Buckfield, about the middle of the month of September, 1792. He was educated at Bowdoin College, and studied law in the city of Portland, where he was admitted to the bar, and commenced practice, When about thirty-two years old, he married Miss Elizabeth Oakes Prince, a beautiful and accomplished girl of sixteen, who had attracted his attention, and won his heart by her beauty and precocious talent. He was at one period editor of the "Eastern Argus," and under his charge it became one of the most popular journals in the State. He was also connected with the "Portland Courier," for some time. Soon after this he removed to the city of New-York, and renewed the practice of his profession. He is very widely known as the once celebrated "Jack Downing, whose humurous letters convulsed the reading public in almost unparalleled mirth. As a prose writer he has acquired a very high reputation; but as a poet stands in the second rank. He has written a few, and only a few, beautiful poems, two of which we have included in our selection. Mr. Smith and his wife, the distinguished Mrs. E. Oakes Smith, have been called, and we think very correctly too, the 'Howitts' of America. If any persons are entitled to this enviable name, they at least are foremost. Mr. Smith has published a number of works which met with a favorable reception, and we are happy to learn that he has a volume in the press of J. C. Derby & Co., New-York, entitled "Way Down East, or, Portraitures of Yankee Life," which, judging from the title, will be one of the most mirth-provoking and readable books that has been issued for some time. A correspondent from New York, who has seen proof sheets of this work, says, "It needs but an announcement to command an extensive sale. There are millions of hearts in this country, that would throb

with delight at the sight of a book from the original 'Major Jack Downing.' The press has been bearing ample testimony to the author's merit for the last twenty years." The New-York Courier and Enquirer, in an article upon Mr. Smith's literary merit, has the following exceedingly flattering commendation: — "There is no doubt that Mr. Seba Smith, is the best painter of Yankee peculiarities that ever wrote. He is true to nature, and never carricatures, but without carriaturing, is most amusing." Notices that have been bestowed upon his poetical works, have generally been unfavorable, although some of them gave him full as much credit as he deserved. "Powhatan, a Metrical Romance," the longest of Mr. Smith's poems, published several years ago, contains a few fine passages, and much that is inferior poetry. The following is a specimen of its style:

'Come hither, child,' the monarch said,
'And sit thee down by me;
And I'll tell thee of thy mother dead,
Fair sprout of the parent tree.
Twelve suns ago she fell asleep,
And she never woke again;
And thou wast then too young to weep,
Or to share thy father's pain.
But wouldst thou know thy mother's look,
When her form was young and fair,
Look down upon the tranquil brook,
And thou'lt see her picture there.
For her own bright locks of flowing jet,
Are over thy shoulders hung;
In thy face her loving eyes are set,
And her music is on thy tongue.

* * * *

And I am an aged, sapless tree,
That soon must fall to the plain;
And then shall my spirit, bright and free,
Rejoin thy mother again.
And thou, my child,' — But here a sigh
Had reached the aged chieftain's ear;
He turned, and lo, his daughter's eye
Was beaming through a trembling tear.

THE LITTLE GRAVES.

'Twas autumn, and the leaves were dry,
And rustled on the ground,
And chilly winds went whistling by
With low and pensive sound.

As through the grave-yard's lone retreat,
By meditation led,
I walked with slow and cautious feet
Above the sleeping dead.

Three little graves, ranged side by side,
My close attention drew;
O'er two the tall grass bending sighed,
And one seemed fresh and new.

As lingering there I mused awhile
On death's long, dreamless sleep,
And morning life's deceitful smile,
A mourner come to weep.

Her form was bow'd, but not with years, —
Her words were faint and few,
And on those little graves her tears
Distilled like evening dew.

A prattling boy, some four years old,
Her trembling hand embraced,
And from my heart the tale he told
Will never be effaced.

'Mamma, now you must love me more,
For little sister's dead;
And t'other sister died before,
And brother too, you said.

'Mamma, what made sweet sister die?
She loved me when we played:
You told me, if I would not cry,
You'd show me where she's laid.'

''Tis here, my child, that sister lies,
Deep buried in the ground;
No light comes to her little eyes,
And she can hear no sound.'

'Mamma, why cant we take her up,
And put her in my bed?
I'll feed her from my little cup,
And then she wont be dead.

'For sister 'll be afraid to lie
In this dark grave to-night,
And she'll be very cold, and cry
Because there is no light.'

'No, sister is not cold, my child,
For God, who saw her die,
As He look'd down from Heaven and smil'd,
Called her above the sky.

'And then her spirit quickly fled
To God by whom 'twas given;
Her *body* in the ground is dead,
But *sister* lives in Heaven.'

'Mamma, wont she be hungry there,
And want some bread to eat?
And who will give her clothes to wear,
And keep them clean and neat?

'Papa must go and carry some,
I'll send her all I've got,
And he must bring sweet sister home,
Mamma, now must he not?'

'No, my dear child, that cannot be;
But if you're good and true,
You'll one day go to her, but she
Can never come to you.

'LET LITTLE CHILDREN COME TO ME,'
Once our good Saviour said;
And in his arms she'll always be,
And God will give her bread.'

THE SNOW STORM.

The cold winds swept the mountain's height,
And pathless was the dreary wild,
And mid the cheerless hours of night
A mother wander'd with her child: (*k*)
As through the drifting snow she press'd,
The babe was sleeping on her breast.

And colder still the winds did blow,
And darker hours of night came on,
And deeper grew the drifting snow:
Her limbs were chill'd, her strength was gone;
'O God!' she cried, in accents wild,
'If I must perish, save my child!'

She stripp'd her mantle from her breast,
And bared her bosom to the storm,
And round the child she wrapp'd the vest
And smil'd to think her babe was warm.
With one cold kiss, one tear she shed,
And sunk upon her snowy bed.

At dawn a traveller pass'd by,
And saw her 'neath a snowy veil;
The frost of death was in her eye,
Her cheek was cold, and hard, and pale;
He moved the robe from off the child,
The babe look'd up and sweetly smiled.

THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

Unto the holy city came
Judea's hapless sons and daughters,
The paralytic, blind and lame,
To seek Bethesda's healing waters —
The Angel o'er the fountain mov'd
With kindly power from day to day;
And he that first its virtues prov'd,
Was heal'd, and forthwith went his way.

Amid the throng who waited there, —
Judea's sons and daughters, —
A patient Hebrew many a year
Had watch'd the troubled waters.
And often at the healing hour
He feebly toward the fountain bore him,
But all too late to feel its power,
For one had always stepp'd before him.

A stranger came and look'd awhile
On him who there in anguish lay,
Then kindly said, with holy smile,
'Hebrew, arise and go thy way!'
As forth into the world that hour,
With footsteps light, the Hebrew trod,
'I've felt,' he cried, 'the Almighty's power,
I've heard the voice of God.'

YOUTH AND OLD AGE.

Old age came down the steep of years,
Beneath life's burden bending;
With tottering steps he feebly trod,
And breathing sighs and prayers to God,
He met with youth ascending.

'Ah, whither dost thou bend thy course?'
Said he whose head was hoary —
'I go,' said youth, 'to yonder heighth,
Where through long vistas, glancing bright
Are Honor, Wealth, and Glory.

'Be not deceived,' old age replied,
'In vain will be thy toiling;
I long have chased those beaming joys,
Oft grasp'd them, but the fleeting toys
Were from me still recoiling.'

Youth raised his eyes and look'd ahead;
The prospect still was bright —
'I must go on, prevent me not,
For yonder is a sunny spot,
That promiseth delight.'

With joyous bound, he onward went,
His eager course to keep,
And, hope still sparkling in his eyes,
Towards yonder sunny spot he flies,
And struggles up the steep.

Frederic Mellen.

THE TROUBADOUR'S SERENADE,

TO THE LADY OF HIS UNREQUITED LOVE.

Lady! the dark, long night
Of grief and sorrow,
That knows no cheerful light,
No sun-bright morrow,

Is gathering round my heart,
In gloom and tears,
That will not, cannot part,
For long, long years.

Oh! would that thought could die!
And fadeless mem'ry
Pass, like the night-winds sigh,
Away, away from me.

There is a quiet resting place,
Cold, dark, and deep;
Where grief shall leave no trace,
And misery sleep.

Would I were slumbering there,
From life's sad dream!
The tempest's cold, bleak air
Sounding my requiem.

Fair lady! my harp's sad song
Hath wing'd its flight;
But murmurs its chords along,
My last 'good night.'

FREDERIC MELLEN.

DIED, AGED 30 YEARS.

Frederic Mellen was a native of Portland, a son of the late Hon. Prentiss Mellen, LL. D., and a brother of Grenville Mellen, a biographical sketch of whom is to be found in the preceding pages of this work. He was an alumnus of Bowdoin College, of the class of 1825, but of his birth, and after life we have no information, other than that he died at an early age. Like his deceased brother, he was a man of undoubted genius, and, like him, was stricken down before it had fully developed its richness and beauty. He devoted his talent mostly to the art of Painting, and many of his protraits and landscapes are proof that no unskilful hand gave grace and beauty to them. Mr. Mellen was highly esteemed by all who knew him, and his death was much lamented. As a poet, he would have become very distinguished, had he have lived. He was for some time a contributor to the United States Literary Gazette, from which we have made our selections, and from the "Atlantic Souvenir," a popular and able Annual, to which he also contributed. His poetry, we regret to say, is of a foreign character, and bears no imprint of American genius, yet it is equally meritorious. He died in the city of Boston, and from an obituary notice of his death, we make the following extract:

"With a native character of great suavity, simplicity, and instinctive correctness of moral sentiment, an intuitive perception of poetic beauty, and peculiar quickness of apprehension and susceptibility to the influences under which he was reared from infancy, and imbibing at home the purest principles of virtue, he seasonably received the advantages of an education at Bowdoin College, which nourished a love of classic and polished literature, and enabled him to cultivate those powers with which he was gifted, with an upward aim to excel in whatever belonged to mental or professional accomplishment. A per-

vading taste for one favorite art, early discovered, and displaying a peculiar aptitude for the finest combinations of forms and colors — the art of painting — obtained the mastery of his pursuits and purposes; and he bade fair, by the proofs of original effort, to arrive at distinction in the most elegant branches of this polite department. He also possessed a very delightful and poetic talent. A number of gems have been preserved, among the choicest and sweetest which grace the Annuals, which would form a pleasing circlet on the now pale brow, upon which the blooming wreath of youthful hope has untimely perished. He had a short time previous to his death, removed to a sphere more propitious to the cultivation of his favorite pursuits, and the interest of his friends were awakened to his merited success. But his monument is, alas! to be marked by the *broken column;* and the blighted flower of his manly promise is watered, but cannot be revived by the tears of friendship and affection."

'Yet 'twas but yesterday that all before him
Shone in the freshness of life's morning hour;
Joy's radient smile was playing briefly o'er him,
And his light feet impress'd but vernal flowers.
The restless spirit charm'd his sweet existence,
Making all beautious in youth's pleasant maze,
While gladsome hope illumed the onward distance,
And lit with sunbeams his expectant days.

How have the garlands of his childhood wither'd,
And hope's false anthem died upon the air!
Death's cloudy tempests o'er his way have gather'd,
And its stern bolts have burst in fury there.
On his pale forehead sleeps the shade of even,
Youth's braided wreath lies stain'd in sprinkled dust,
Yet looking upward in its grief to Heaven,
Love should not mourn thee, save in hope and trust.'

SONG OF THE WINTRY WIND.

Away.
We have outstaid the hour — mount we our clouds!
BYRON'S MANFRED.

'ADIEU! adieu!' thus the storm-spirit sang,
'Adieu to the southern sky;'
And the wintry wind that round him rang,
Caught up the unearthly minstrelsy,
'Adieu! adieu! to its flood's bright gleams,
Its waving woodlands, its thousand streams.'

'Off! off!' said the spirit: like the whirlwind's rush
His snow-wreathed car was gone;
And their cold white breath came down the night,
As his startled steeds sped on.
Yet the night-wind's dirge o'er the changing year,
Fell slowly and sadly upon the ear.

''Twas the song of woe, — of that wintry wind,
As the laughing streams ran by,
And lingered around the budding trees,
Once clothed in its own chaste livery.
Its tones were sad, as it sunk its wing,
And this was its simple offering:

'Farewell! to the sunbright South;
For the Summer is hastening on;
And the Spring flowers bright in their fragrant youth,
Mourn not for the Winter gone.

'But when days have pass'd and I come again,
Their forms shall have died away;
And mine must it be their cold shroud to twine,
From the snow curls that o'er them lay.

'Farewell! to the sunbright South;
To its midnight dance and its song;
For each heart is out for the Summer breeze,
As it sports in its mirth along.

'And the student hath lifted his pallid brow,
To list to its soothing strain;
But oft shall they sigh in the parching heat,
For the wintry wind again.

'Farewell! to the sunbright South;
To the chime of its deep, deep sea;
To its leaping streams, its solemn woods,
For they all have a voice for me.

'Farewell! to its cheerful, its ancient halls.
Where oft in the days of old,
When the warning embers burnt low and dim,
And dark strange stories were told;

'My hollow moans at the casement bars,
Stole in like a sound of dread;
And the startled ear in its lonely sigh,
Heard the voice of the sheeted dead.

'But the days are pass'd — the hearth is dim,
And the evening tale is done;
'Mid the green-wood now is the choral hymn,
As it smiles in the setting sun.

'Farewell! to the land of the South;
My pathway is far o'er the deep,
Where the boom of the rolling surge is heard,
And the bones of the shipwreck'd sleep.

'I go to the land of mist and storm,
Where the iceberg booms o'er the swell,
Afar from the sunlit mountains and streams;
Sweet land of the South! farewell!'

The song had ceased; and the Summer breeze,
Came whispering up the glen;
And the green leaves danced on the forest-trees,
As they welcomed its breath again.
And the cold rocks slept in the moonlight wan,
But the wintry wind and its song were gone.

SABBATH EVENING.

List! there is music in the air!
It is the Sabbath evening bell,
Chiming the vesper hour of prayer
O'er mountain top and lowland dell.
And infancy and age are seen,
Slow winding o'er the church-yard green.

It is the eve of rest; the light
Still lingers on the moss-grown tower,
While to the drowsy ear of night,
Slowly it marks the evening hour,
'Tis hushed! and all is silent there,
Save the low, fervent voice of prayer.

And now far down the quiet vale,
Sweet hymnings on the air float by;
Hushing the Whip-poor-will's sad wail
With its own plaintive melody.
They breathe of peace, like the sweet strains
That swept at night o'er Bethlem's plains.

And heads are bowed, as the low hymn
Steals through that gray and time-worn pile;
And the altar lights burn faint and dim,
In the long and moss-grown aisle.
And the distant footfall echoes loud,
Above that hush'd and kneeling crowd.

And now beneath the old elm shade,
Where the cold moon-beams may not smile;
Bright flowers upon the graves are laid,
And sad tears shed unseen the while.
The last sweet gift affection brings,
To deck the earth to which it clings.

How beautiful those simple flowers
Strewn o'er that silent spot now sleep;
Still wet with summer's gentle showers,
As if they too could feel and weep!
They fade and die; the wintry wind
Shall leave no trace of them behind.

The bright new moon hath set: the light
Is fading on the far blue hills;
And on the passing breeze of night,
The music of ten thousand rills
Comes echoing through the twilight gray,
With the lone watch-dog's distant bay.

The crowd hath pass'd away; the prayer
And low-breath'd evening hymn are gone;
The cold mist only lingers there,
O'er the dark moss and mould'ring stone.
And the stars shine brightly o'er the glen,
Where rest the quiet homes of men.

VENETIAN MOONLIGHT.

The midnight chime had tolled from Marco's towers,
O'er Adria's wave the trembling echo swept,
The gondolieri paused upon their oars,
Muttering their prayers as through the still night crept.
Far o'er the wave the knell of time was borne,
Till the sound died upon the tranquil breast;
The sea-boy started as the peal rolled on,
Gazed at his star and turned himself to rest.
The throbbing heart that late had said farewell,
Still lingering on the wave that bore it home,
At that bright hour sighed o'er the dying swell,
And thought on years of absence yet to come.

'Twas moonlight on Venetia's sea,
And every fragrant bower and tree
Smiled in the glorious light:
The thousand isles that clustered there
Ne'er in their life looked half so fair
As on that happy night.

A thousand sparkling lights were set
On every dome and minaret,
While through the marble halls
The gush of cooling fountains came,
And chrystal lamps sent far their flame
Upon the high-arch'd walls.

But sweeter far on Adria's sea,
The gondolier's wild minstrelsy
In accents low began;
While sounding harp and martial zell,
The music joined, till the rich swell
Seemed heaven's wide arch to span.

Then faintly ceasing — one by one,
That plaintive voice breathed on alone,
Its wild, heart soothing lay:
And then again that moonlight band,
Started as if by magic wand,
In one bold burst away.

The joyous laugh came on the breeze,
And, 'mid the bright o'er-hanging trees,
The mazy dance went round;
And, as in joyous ring they flew,
The smiling nymphs the wild flowers threw,
That clustered on the ground.

Soft as a summer evening's sigh,
From each o'er-hanging bacony,
Low, fervent whisperings fell:
And many a heart upon that night
On fancy's pinions sped its light,
Where holier beings dwell.

Each lovely form the eye might see,
The dark-browed maid of Italy,
With love's own sparkling eyes:
The fairy Swiss — all — all that night
Smiled in the moon-beam's silvery light,
Fair as their native skies.

TO THE ARNO.

Bright stream! how calm upon thy waters rest
The hues of evening, when the empurpled West
Droops its soft wing upon thy floods;
And the dark waving of thy woods
Deepens the shadows of thy tranquil breast.

And when the mountains catch, upon their heights,
The last faint blush of glory, and the lights
Of heaven twinkle in the sky;
How sweet the cicada's lone cry
Mourns through thy woods in Autumn's mellow nights.

How lovely are thy shores when on the air,
O'er the rich vineyards stealing from afar,
The vintner's careless cheering soars,
Lingering amid thy olive bowers;
And bright in heaven burns the evening star!

Flow on, thou classic stream, thy verdant shore;
Will live within our hearts till life is o'er!
Still will fond memory think of thee,
Thou pride of blooming Tuscany,
And sigh to look upon thy stream once more!

THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

Sweet home of peace! the ling'ring day,
Still plays upon thy turrets grey;
But silent now the voice of prayer
Which once uprose so sweetly there;
The cricket's fitful cry alone
Is mingled with the low wind's moan.
Sadly they seem to wail the fate,
They left thy altars desolate.

Sweet home of peace! how oft I've stood
Amid thy little solitude,
A truant boy stolen forth to get
The crane's-bill and the violet,—
And listened to the village hum
Which on the quiet air would come,
With the long echoing laugh and shout,
Sent shrilly from the urchin rout.

And oft at Autumn's balmy eve,
When the bright flowers began to leave
The faded grass, and gloriously
The harvest moon went up the sky;
From the far-distant greenwood tree,
The kit's light notes of melody,
Stole upward to the holy ground,
As joyously the dance went round.

Here, when the Sabbath day was done,
And ruddily the Summer sun
Shone o'er the little vale below, —
Uprose the hymn so sweet, so slow,
The traveller in the distant glen
Paused on his way to catch again
The lingering notes, till parting day,
Threw its cold shadows o'er his way.

Those days have passed ; and mournfully
The chilly wind goes rustling by,
That finds not there those beauteous flowers
It sported with in happier hours ;
And gentle forms who loved to gaze
Upon their bloom in youthful days,
Faded, like them in their beauty, and died,
And humbly here sleep side by side.

THE CRUSADER'S FAREWELL.

Lady, farewell!
The morning sun is smiling on thy bower,
Bathing in glorious light each tree and flower,
And mossy dell.

The matin chant
Is rising now; but when the evening hymn
Sends its soft echoes in each woodland dim,
And storied haunt,

At that lone hour,
Afar from thee, I'll look upon the sky,
And think each breeze as low it murmurs by,
Comes from thy bower.

And when that star
Which we have loved together, brightly burns
In the clear sky, I'll think on one who mourns
For me, afar.

When thou art lone,
And o'er thy heart Hope sheds no brightening ray;
O sing the notes I loved in happier days —
Days fled and gone.

And when the shout
Of mailéd men is soaring through the sky
With crash of armor, and the redoubled cry
Of battle rout,

I'll think on thee ;
Thy name shall be my war-cry, and its swell
Shall sound the death-note of the infidel —
The watchword of the free.

But hark ! — that swell !
It is the trumpet's parting call — I come !
Pray for thy lover, and for Christendom.
Farewell ! Farewell !

William Belcher Glazier.

DECEMBER SNOW.

Fall thickly on the rose-bud,
  Oh! faintly falling snow!
For she is gone who trained its branch,
  And wooed its bud to blow.

Cover the well-known pathway,
  Oh, damp December snow!
Her step no longer lingers there
  When stars begin to glow.

Melt in the rapid river,
  Oh, cold and cheerless snow!
She sees no more its sudden wave,
  Nor hears its foaming flow.

Chill every song-bird's music,
  Oh, silent, sullen snow!
I cannot hear her loving voice,
  That lulled me long ago.

Sleep on the earth's broad bosom,
  Oh, weary, winter snow!
Its fragrant flowers, and blithesome birds
  Should with its loved one go.

WILLIAM BELCHER GLAZIER.

AGE, 27 YEARS.

William B. Glazier is a native of the city of Hallowell, and a son of Franklin Glazier, Esq., who was for many years a member of the old and well known firm of Glazier, Masters & Smith, booksellers and publishers. He was born on the twenty-ninth day of June, 1827. His early years were mostly spent in his native town, where he prepared himself to enter Harvard University, which he did in 1843, and on graduating, in 1847, returned to Hallowell, and soon after read law in the office of H. W. Paine, Esq., who was in practice there at that time. On being admitted to the bar, in 1850, he commenced practice at Newcastle, in this State, where he remained three years, when he again returned to his native city, and still resides there, in the practice of his profession. Mr. Glazier is still an unmarried man, owing to which his poetry is tinged too much with love-yearnings, although they are beautifully interwoven into many of his poems. He possesses an originality of thought, a beautiful and graceful expression, that but very few of our younger poets excel. He is acquiring a high reputation, and daily advancing towards the goal of popularity, and the temple of fame, where Poesy, with gentle hand, bestows rewards upon her favorite children. In 1853, he published a small volume of poems that met with a very flattering reception; many of the poems included in this volume, first appeared in the "Knickerbocker Magazine," of which Mr. Glazier is a highly esteemed contributor. In making our selections from his poems we have been obliged to take such as we could find in the various magazines and journals to which he is a contributor, and we have endeavored to do him justice. Had we have possessed a volume of his "Poems," we could have doubtless selected many of more merit than those here included. He has delivered poems on several occasions

before different Societies, and we have heard them highly spoken of by gentlemen of acknowledged talent. The poem before the Literary Societies of Bowdoin College, at the Commencement, in August last, was delivered by him, and is said to be his master-piece. The following beautiful lyric was introduced into the poem, and received with much applause. It bears the imprint of his peculiar gracefulness and beauty of expression. It may be well to remark that this little gem is not a mere creation of fancy, but came from the Poet's heart, the same as did that beautiful song, 'O, No, We Never Mention Her," from the heart of the English poet, Haynes Bayley. The circumstances attending the composition of them both, are similar.

Oh! Summer Sea, thy murmuring waves are singing,
A song of sweetness in my listening ear,
Youth, Love and Hope, that lulling strain is bringing
Back to my heart in forms distinct and dear;
Again the glorious visions of Life's morning
Rise on my sight, and make the darkness flee,
Again upon thy shores, at daylight's dawning,
I walk with one beloved, oh, Summer Sea.

Your soft waves kiss her feet and love to linger
Upon the sand where her light steps have stray'd,
Now in thy tide she dips her snowy finger,
And now I feel it on my forehead laid;
'I sign thee with a sign' she softly murmurs,
And turns her blushing face away from me,
'Thou shalt be happy, love, through many summers,
'And I will love thee, hear me, Summer Sea!"

Thou heard'st the vow, oh, gentle Sea of Summer!
Thou heard'st it, laughing in the morning ray,
Thou knewest well that Love, the earliest comer,
Is very prone to make the shortest stay;
The sign dried up beneath the rays of morning,
The vow found wings as fast and far to flee,
Now, I prefer my sleep at daylight's dawning,
To wandering on thy shores, oh, Summer Sea!

LAND BREEZES.

Down some bright river hast thou never drifted,
And marked on either side
Green fields and slopes, with cedar vallies rifted,
That met the wooing tide.

Fair groves all panoplied with Summer's armor,
Knolls where the wild bee roams,
And o'er the whole a deeper light and warmer;
The light of happy homes.

And as thy bark was downward dropping slowly
By spots and scenes like these,
Upon thy brow, with kisses calm and holy,
Lingered the warm land-breeze.

The river widened, and its sandy verges
Crept from thee either way;
And on thine ear were borne the ocean's surges,
Upon thy lip its spray.

In its tumultuous strife and ceaseless tossing,
Its agony and storm,
From shores that thou hadst left, thy damp brow crossing,
Blew soft that land-breeze warm.

Unnoticed then were billows huge and dashing,
Unmarked the tempest's roar;
Thou only heard'st the waters crisply washing
Upon the river's shore.

Down some bright stream of song thy heart hath floated,
And seen each side inclined,
Far stretching plains to noblest thought devoted;
Green hill-sides of the mind.

Fair groves where earnest hopes were boldly growing,
Gardens of Love and Truth;
And o'er the whole the poet's heart was throwing
Its passions and its youth.

By bluffs of Wit, by nooks of Fancy gliding,
Drifted thy bark along;
While o'er thy spirit, with a sweet abiding,
Dallied the breeze of song.

Till the perpetual swell of fierce emotion,
Of restless care and strife,
Foretold that thou wert nearing that broad ocean;
The mighty sea of Life.

Across its waves forever high and crested,
Forever icy cold,
Fluttered that breeze from shores where once it rested,
And lapped thee in its fold.

Oh, weary voyager on that broad Atlantic
Of human woe and wrong!
Didst thou not see its billows wild and frantic,
Lulled by the breeze of Song?

HOMELESS.

She stood alone on the sullen pier
With the night around, and the river below,
And a voice, it seemed to her half-crazed ear,
Was heard in the waters splashing flow:
'You are tired and worn; come hither and sleep,
Where your poor dim eyes shall cease to weep,
And no morning shall break in sorrow.'

The long grass hung from each wave-washed pile,
And the water amid its loose locks ran;
And she thought, with a strange and ghastly smile,
Of a long-fled day, and a false, false man;
How her hand had oft smoothed his damp brown hair—
But he and the world had left her there,
With no friend but the beckoning water.

Was Heaven so far, that no angel arm
Might round the Homeless in love be thrown,
To keep her away from death or harm?
Or was it, in truth, a mercy shown,
That left her at night, alone, to think
Of her manifold woes upon the brink
Of that deep and pitiless river.

She looked to the far-off town and wept;
And oh! could you blame the poor girl's tears?
For she thought how many a maiden slept,
With Love and Honor as wardens near;
While she was left in the world alone,
With none to miss her when she was gone
Where the merciless waves were calling.

No human eye and no human ear
E'er saw a struggle or heard a sound;
And the curious never could spare a tear
As they looked at morn on the outcast drown'd;
But ah! had speech been given the dead,
Perhaps those motionless lips had said,
'No homeless are found in heaven.'

FEVER.

Thou hast been ill, and I was never nigh thee,
I, whose existence by thine own was fed,
I did not watch in patient silence by thee,
I did not pray beside thy fevered bed;
True, there were gentler forms about thee moving,
And softer hands were fondly clasped in thine,
But yet there beat not there a heart more loving,
There was no keener agony than mine.

Could I have kneeled beside thee, and have told thee
All my full heart would gladly have outpoured,
Had it been granted in these arms to fold thee,
Gazing into thine eyes without a word;
Or to have kissed thy cheek, so hot and throbbing,
Or to mine own thine aching forehead press'd,
Or to have soothed thy low and half-heard sobbing,
Thou hadst been happy, I had been too blest.

I could have hushed my breath while thou wert sleeping,
And when thine eyes from slumber should unclose,
The same glance should meet them, dimmed with weeping
That met them fondly ere they sought repose;
And if the wing of Death had o'er thee hovered,
With its slow motion swaying Life's dull tide,
From its chill shadow I had thee recovered,
Or in it sunk, unshrinking, at thy side.

Alas! thou might'st have died, and yet beside thee
Have never seen my form or heard me speak,
Love's last fond accents might have been denied thee,
Love's latest kiss have never pressed thy cheek;
I might have mingled in the world, and never
Have felt the blessing that thy latest prayer
Was for the one that soon from thee must sever,
Was, that he yet thy happiness might share.

The midnight came, and I could never slumber,
The morning came, and brought the night's unrest,
The thought that thou in pain the hours must number,
Filled with a deeper pain my quickened breast;
And, when at eve, the stars so calm and holy
Looked on the earth, then came the bitter fear
That thy pure soul unfit for mine so lowly,
Must seek their sky, its only fitting sphere.

But thou art spared me, oh, this stubborn spirit,
Unbent before, is meek and thankful now,
The garland of thy love I did not merit,
And yet it is not plucked from off my brow;
And, in my dreams, thy semblance, like an angel,
Smiles gently on me, bids me not to fear, —
Into my spirit sinks the blest Evangel,
And echoes sweetly, 'Be thou of good cheer.'

THE ROSARY.

They sat together in the wood,
The maiden and the boy,
And through the shade the sunlight fell,
Like sorrow crossed with joy.
So in their hearts Love's virgin ore
Was crossed with Grief's alloy.

'And take,' she said, 'this cross and chain,
And wear it on thy breast:
I've counted oft each bead and link
To lull me to my rest;
And many a time this little cross
Hath to my lips been press'd.

'Thou goest from me — I no more
Shall watch about thy way;
I shall not see thy form at eve,
Or hear thy voice by day;
All that my weakness leaves for me
Is for thy sake to pray.

'If Evil lure thee from the Right,
If Conscience plead in vain,
Oh! like an iron link to Truth,
Heaven make this fragile chain!
And may this cross burn in thy heart,
Till thou art strong again.

'If bluer, softer eyes than mine
Seem worlds of love to thee,
If other lips and other tones
Croud out my memory,
Still be this chain about thy soul,
To draw thee back to me.'

And so they parted: she to wear,
Above, an angel's crown,
And he to feel, on land or sea,
In forest or in town,
A cross and chain upon his heart,
From the far heaven let down.

CAPE COTTAGE.

We stood upon the ragged rocks,
When the long day was nearly done,
The waves had ceased their sullen shocks
And lapped our feet with murmuring tone,
And, o'er the Bay, in streaming locks
Blew the red tresses of the Sun.

Along the west the golden bars
Still to a deeper glory grew,
Above our heads, the faint few stars
Looked out from the unfathomed blue,
And the far city's clamorous jars
Seemed melted in that evening hue.

Oh sunset sky, oh purple tide,
Oh friends to friends that closer press'd,
Those glories have in darkness died,
And ye have left my longing breast,
I could not keep you by my side,
Nor fix that radiance in the west.

Upon those rocks the waves shall beat
With the same low and murmurous strain,
Across those waves with glancing feet
The sunset rays shall seek the main;
But when together shall we meet,
Cape Cottage, on thy shores again?

NEARER TO THEE.

Years, years have fled, since, hushed in thy last slumber,
They laid thee down beneath the old elm tree;
But with a patient heart each day I number,
Because it brings me nearer still to thee.

Twilight comes, and robes in softest splendor
All that is beautiful on land and sea,
And o'er my spirit flings an influence tender,
For in that hour I nearer seem to thee.

The night is gone; and as the mists of morning
Before the Day-god's burning presence flee,
Thus in my heart a welcome light is dawning,
That cheers me as I nearer press to thee.

I sometimes think thy spirit kindly watches
Over the heart that loved so tenderly;
For there are rapturous moments when it catches
As if in dreams, a blessed glimpse of thee.

In those sweet seasons thou dost come before me,
With loveliness that earth may never see:
I feel thy presence like a blessing o'er me,
And then I know I nearer am to thee.

* * * * *

THE LAUNCHING.

She starts—she moves—she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel,
And spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound,
She leaps into the ocean's arms!

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

WELL may they deck the ship to-day
With colors flaunting free,
Well may she wear her best array,
So soon a bride to be;
Long has the dainty beauty kept
Her lover from her charms,
But now her last lone sleep is slept,
We give her to his arms.

Oh, guard our darling from the storm:
Thy bosom never bore
A prouder or more faultless form,
A fairer love before.
Tame down thy billows thundering shocks,
Thy foaming wrath, O Sea!
And keep her from the angry rocks
That lie along her lee.

Her home has been where green hills kiss
The river's rippling tide,
But, oh! our eyes must learn to miss
The Ocean's new-made bride,
Where white-capp'd waves forever rise,
Where sea-birds skim the foam,
Far off, beneath the sea-kissed skies,
Our Beauty seeks her home.

Ah, proud may be the mariners
That stand upon her deck;
They little fear, in strength like hers,
The tempest or the wreck:
And proudly may her ensign fly
That bears the stripes and stars;
The peace that builds a ship like this,
Is worth a thousand wars.

A. D. Woodbridge.

LIFE'S HARVEST-FIELD.

When morning wakes the earth from sleep,
With soft and kindling ray,
We rise, Life's harvest-field to reap, —
'Tis ripening day by day.

To reap, sometimes with joyful heart,
Anon with tearful eye
We see the Spoiler hath a part, —
We reap with smile and sigh.

Full oft the tares obstruct our way;
Full oft we feel the thorn;
Our hearts grow faint — we weep, we pray —
Then hope is newly born.

Hope that at last we all shall come,
Though rough the way and long;
Back to our Father's house, our home,
And bring our sheaves with song,

A. D. WOODBRIDGE.

Miss Woodbridge was born in Penobscot County, but in what year, or town we have found it impossible to ascertain. She is included in Read's Female Poets of America, and also in the American Female Poets, by Caroline May, the latter, only, giving a biographical sketch, from which, however, we can gain no definite information. Her parents resided at Stockbridge, Mass., where she spent the larger portion of her youthful days. She first became known as a poetess by her simple poems, contributed to Mrs. Child's Juvenile Miscellany, and other religious journals. In 1847, an elegant, illustrated volume, entitled 'The Rainbow,' was published in Albany and New York, and edited by A. J. McDonald, Esq., to which she contributed several poems of equal merit to the others which it contained. The design of this work was to suppose the different States of the Union to be flower gardens, and from each, contributions to the work were received, thus forming a national bouquet of the flowers of literature. Miss Woodbridge, associated with the Hon. Beverly Tucker, Henry T. Tuckerman, Rev. Dr. Sprague, Alfred B. Street, and others, represented the State of New York, although she should, more properly, have represented her native State, which, on that occasion, found poor representatives in two *nom de plume* contributors of but little merit.

She also for several years contributed to the most popular Annuals then published, but few of which are now in existence. For ten years she was connected with the Albany Female Academy, as a teacher, and while there she won the love and warmest friendship of her associates, and the esteem of all who knew her, by her purity of character, kindness of disposition, and superior talent. In 1846, she finished her engagements at this school, and removed to Brooklyn, New York,

and became connected with the Brooklyn Female Seminary, a new institution, which was opened during that year. On the occasion of the dedication of this Seminary she wrote the following poem :—

If in yon glorious arch on high
Another star should purely shine,
How would we gaze with wond'ring eye!
How fervent bless the light divine!
The miser turning from his gold,
The penitent from contrite prayer;
The child of joy—of grief untold,
Would join to hail the stranger fair.

That star hath risen! Even now
Its first faint beam salutes the earth,—
Father of Lights! To Thee we bow,
Oh! bless the hour that gave it birth!
Long may it shine with steady ray;
Long gild these 'heights' with purest beam;—
Star of our hopes, still cheer our way,
Until we wake from Life's long dream.

How long she remained at this Seminary, we cannot learn, or whether she is still connected with it. In her private character, and also in her literary productions she reminds us very much of that gifted young lady, Miss Lucy Hooper, whose early death was so deeply lamented by all who knew her, or were familiar with her writings. Miss Woodbridge, to a large extent, possesses the same gentleness of disposition, purity of heart, and winning manner, which made this lady so much beloved. Her writings are characterized by a deep religious purity and earnestness, and are not without their proper share of merit.

LIFE'S LIGHT AND SHADE.

How strangely, in this life of ours,
Light falls amid the darkest shade!
How soon the thorn is hid by flowers!
How Hope, sweet spirit, comes to aid
The heart oppressed by care and pain,
And whispers, 'all shall yet be well!'
We listen to her magic strain,
And yield the spirit to her spell.

How oft when Love is like a bird
Whose weary wing sweeps o'er the sea,
While not an answering note is heard,
She spies a verdant olive-tree;
And soon within that sheltering bower,
She pours her very soul in song,
While other voices wake that hour,
Her gentle numbers to prolong.

Thus, when this heart is sad and lone,
As Memory wakes her dirge-like hymn,
When Hope on heavenward wing has flown,
And earth seems wrapped in shadows dim;
O! then a word, a glance, a smile,
A simple flower, a childhood's glee,
Will each sad thought, each care beguile,
Till joy's bright fountain gushes free.

To-day, its waters softly stirred,
For Peace was nigh, that gentle dove!
And sweet as song of forest-bird,
Came the low voice of one I love;
And flowers, 'the smile of Heaven,' were mine,
They seemed to whisper 'Why so sad?
Of love we are the seal and sign,
We come to make thy spirit glad.'

Thus ever in the steps of grief
Are seen the precious seeds of joy,
Each 'fount of Marah' hath a 'leaf,'
Whose healing balm we may employ.
Then 'midst Life's fitful fleeting day,
Look up! the sky is bright above;
Kind voices cheer thee on thy way,
Faint spirit! trust the God of Love!

MYRTLE CREEK,

A BEAUTIFUL STREAM IN SPENCERTOWN, NEW YORK.

A GENTLE STREAM — unknown to song,
Yet Beauty is its dower;
It floweth through the meadows green,
Where many a fragrant flower
Bends o'er it, with loving eye,
In the still, noon-tide hour.

A crystal stream whose waters flash
In morning's golden ray;
Now dancing like a frolic child,
Then stealing slow away,
As if amid these sylvan scenes,
They fain would longer stay.

It windeth through a quiet vale;
It turns a rustic mill;
On either side are harvest-fields;
Above, a wood-crowned hill;
While near, is seen a graceful spire,
A hamlet, fair and still.

In morning hour, or noontide ray,
In the soft twilight gleam,
Steals gently on the list'ning ear,
The murmur of that stream;
Blent oft with leaf-notes from its banks,
Like music of a dream.

TO LILLIE.

Where is the lily now?
Lily, sweet and fair!
Blossoms it 'neath forest bough,
Shedding fragrance there?
Doth the zephyr's softest kiss
Touch its petals sweet?
Would that I were woodland bough!
Or the zephyr fleet!

Doth the lily flourish now?
Doth it lift its head,
Joyfully, to meet the morn?
Are the night-dews shed
Lovingly, on petals bright? —
Would I were the dew!
Or a beam of matin light,
And I'd bless it too.

Lily! emblem meet art thou
Of a little child!
Such as Jesus loved to bless —
Meek, and undefiled.
We will trust her to His care,
To His faithful breast; —
Lillie dearest! Lillie fair!
There, with thee, we'll rest.

Edward Payson Weston.

THE TWO HANDS.

WRITTEN AFTER ILLNESS.

Thy hand, O God, in ministry of pain,
  Was laid on burning cheek and aching brow,
  And the quick pulses, calmed in mercy now,
Poured a fast fever's tide thro' every vein,
  And wild unrest through throbbing limb and brain,
And yet, O God, another hand in thine,
Lent by thy goodness to this need of mine,
  With gentle soothing hath restored again
Calm days of health and nights of sweet repose.
  And through that dear hand's angel ministry,
  I upward guide my trembling faith to see,
What pain forgets, what reason scarcely knows,
That God's own chastening hand itself must be
  Like the dear hand of love his love bestows.

EDWARD PAYSON WESTON.

AGE, 35 YEARS.

EDWARD P. WESTON is a son of Rev. Isaac Weston, and was born at Boothbay, Lincoln County, on the nineteenth day of January, 1819. His father was then located there as a settled minister. He was educated at Bowdoin College, from which he graduated in 1839, and has since that time been engaged in teaching. For the past seven years he has been Principal of the Maine Female Seminary, at Gorham, which is undoubtedly, the best and most popular Female School in this State. In 1840, Mr. Weston edited a volume of poems from the Students and Graduates of Bowdoin College, under the title of 'Bowdoin Poets,' among which were, Longfellow, McLellan, Thatcher, Walter, Claude L. Hemans, a son of Mrs. Hemans, the poetess, Cutter, Soule, Fuller, Flagg, and others, including himself, each of whom contributed several poems. This volume was published by Joseph Griffin, Brunswick, and was well received, the first edition being entirely exhausted soon after it was published, and the publisher has since issued a second and enlarged edition, which has had a wide circulation, but no wider than its merit deserves. It gives evidence of a superior poetical discrimination on the part of the editor, whose selections are characterized by a perfect knowledge of what genuine poetry consists of. Mr. Weston's poem, entitled 'A Vision of Immortality,' published in the papers anonymously, was received as Bryant's, owing to the opening lines,

> 'I, who essayed to sing in earlier days
> The *Thanatopsis*, and *The Hymn to Death*,
> Wake now the Hymn to Immortality.'

and as such it was bountifully praised by the leading journals, and copied throughout the entire country, also in France and England.

When it was discovered that Bryant was not its author, those journals which had been most bountiful in their encomiums upon its merit, felt much chagrined, while others laughed at the joke. In justice to the innocent author, whom many have censured for this deception, unmeaningly committed, we will explain its publication. It was originally a part of a poem delivered some years ago by Mr. Weston before the Phi Beta Kappa of Bowdoin College, and which consisted entirely of imitations of the most distinguished American poets. How well he succeeded in his imitations, 'A Vision of Immortality,' will show to the reader. A better imitation of Bryant could not, we venture to say, be made. The poem was published as a 'Sequel to Thanatopsis,' with the consent of the poet Bryant, by Mr. Weston personally obtained. It matters not, as far as its literary merit is concerned, whether it was written by the one or the other, and those editors who so foolishly revoked their flattering notices when a more humble name claimed its authorship, done themselves but little credit. As the production of Mr. Weston, it is a perfect imitation, while as that of Mr. Bryant, it would be nothing more than his old familiar style of writing.

Mr. Weston is now, and has been for some time past, an assistant editor of the 'Eclectic,' a popular literary weekly journal, published at Portland. He is a man of fine talents, a superior teacher, and a gentlemen of high standing in private life. He is married, and resides in the town of Gorham, where his flourishing school is situated. Although a man of abundant talent, he has written nothing of any great length by which to acquire a reputation outside of our own State, except 'A Vision of Immortality,' which, with 'Lines written at the Falls of the Passaic,' and the 'Two Hands,' we consider the finest specimens of his poetic talent that we have seen.

A VISION OF IMMORTALITY:

A SEQUEL TO 'THANATOPSIS' AND 'THE HYMN TO DEATH.'

I, WHO essayed to sing in earlier days
The *Thanatopsis* and *The Hymn to Death*,
Wake now the Hymn to Immortality.
Yet once again, O man, come forth and view
The haunts of Nature, — walk the waving fields,
Enter the silent groves, or pierce again
The depths of the untrodden wilderness,
And she shall teach thee.

Thou hast learned before
One lesson; and her Hymn of Death has fallen
With melancholy sweetness on thine ear;
Yet she shall tell thee with a myriad tongue
That *life* is there — life in uncounted forms —
Stealing in silence through the hidden roots;
In every branch that swings; in the green leaves
And waving grain, and the gay summer flowers
That gladden the beholder. Listen now,
And she shall teach thee that the dead have slept
But to wake in more glorious forms, —

And the mystery of the seed's decay
Is but the promise of the coming life.
Each towering oak that lifts its living head
To the broad sunlight in eternal strength,
Glories to tell thee that the acorn died.
The flowers that spring above their last year's grave
Are eloquent with the voice of life and hope —
And the green trees clap their rejoicing hands,
Waving in triumph over the earth's decay!

Yet not alone shall flower and forest raise
The voice of triumph and the hymn of life.
The *insect* brood are there! — each painted wing
That flutters in the sunshine, broke but now
From the close cerements of a worm's own shroud,
Is telling, as it flies, how life may spring
In its glad beauty from the gloom of death.
Where the crushed mould beneath the sunken foot
Seems but the sepulchre of old decay,
Turn thou a keener glance, and thou shalt find
The gathered myriads of a mimic world.
The breath of evening and the sultry morn
Bears on its wing a cloud of witnesses,
That earth from her unnumbered caves of death
Sends forth a mightier tide of teeming life.

Raise then the Hymn to Immortality!
The broad green prairies and the wilderness,
And the old cities where the dead have slept
Age upon age, a thousand graves in one,
Shall yet be crowded with the living forms
Of myriads, waking from the silent dust.

Kings that lay down in state, and earth's poor slaves,
Resting together in one fond embrace,
The white-haired patriarch and the tender babe,
Grown old together in the flight of years,
They of immortal fame and they whose praise
Was never sounded in the ears of men, —
Archon and priest, and the poor common crowd, —
All the vast concourse in the halls of death!
Shall waken from the dreams of silent years
To hail the dawn of immortal day.

Aye, learn the lesson. Though the worm shall be
Thy brother in the mystery of death!
And all shall pass, humble and proud and gay
Together, to earth's mighty charnel-house,
Yet the Immortal is thy heritage!
The grave shall gather thee! — Yet thou shalt come,
Beggar or prince, not as thou wentest forth
In rags or purple, but arrayed as those
Whose mortal puts on immortality!

Then mourn not when thou markest the decay
Of Nature, and her solemn hymn of death
Steals with a note of sadness to thy heart.
That other voice, with its rejoicing tones,
Breaks from the mould with every bursting flower.
'O grave! thy victory!' And thou, O man,
Burdened with sorrow at the woes that crowd
Thy narrow heritage, lift up thy head
In the strong hope of the undying life,
And shout the Hymn of Immortality.

The dear departed that have passed away
To the still house of death, leaving thine own,
The gray-haired sire that died in blessing thee,
Mother or sweet-lipped babe, or she who gave
Thy home the light and bloom of Paradise, —
They shall be thine again, when thou shalt pass
At God's appointment, through the shadowy vale,
To reach the sunlight of the IMMORTAL HILLS.

And thou that gloriest to lie down with kings,
Thine uncrowned head now lowlier than theirs,
Seek thou the loftier glory to be known,
A king and priest to God, — when thou shalt pass
Forth from the silent halls to take thy place
With patriarchs and prophets, and the blest
Gone up from every land to people heaven.

So live, that when the mighty caravan,
Which halts one night-time in the vale of Death,
Shall strike its white tents for the morning march,
Thou shalt mount onward to the Eternal Hills
Thy foot unwearied, and thy strengh renewed
Like the strong eagle's for the upward flight!

LINES

WRITTEN AT THE FALLS OF THE PASSAIC.

A LONE wayfarer from the northern land
I press thy dizzy verge, O rushing stream,
And gaze far down the terrible gorge, where thou
Art madly plunging, — and my heart is full.
I have looked down where broader cataracts
Rush with a hoarser thunder, and have gone
Bearing but idle images away.
But thou, O sacred stream, within my heart
Hast held thy place with unforgotten things,
Ev'n from the morning light of memory,
Linked with her name who perished in thy waves. (*l*)
And now thou givest to my tearful gaze
A voice of sympathy, that shall henceforth
Re-echo in my heart, not as a tone
Of simple and glad beauty, but a voice
Of majesty, sublime in tenderness!
That tale of terror from my mother's lips,
That quivered telling it, — the fearful plunge
Down the wild steep to whirling depths below,
That quenched forever the sweet life of one
So fair, so beautiful, — the one lone flower
That breathed its fragrance on a sister's path, —
How hast thou told it mournfully again
To the sad listener bending o'er thy brink!
I ask thee — and no word is answered — WHY?

Why from the bosom of that ancient home
Went forth its idol and its best beloved,
A bride but then, — a bridal gift to thee? (*m*)
Thou answerest not. Ev'n as thou wrappest up
Thy waters when thou plungest, God hath wrapped
His providence in clouds, nor gives thee leave
To unveil the mystery. But as within
Thy pillared mists, the sunbeam writes itself
In seven-fold lines of promise and of hope,
That arch to heaven, so Faith with golden light
Traces the bow of promise on God's cloud,
And marks her radiant pathway to the skies.
And thou, green cedar, waving o'er the brink, (*n*)
Planted of God to mark her stepping stone
From earth to heaven, — O breath perennial
Thy choicest fragrance on this hallowed air,
And wear thy verdurous crown unperishing;
Even as her memory liveth, beautiful one,
Fadeless and fragrant in our heart of hearts.
And thou, sweet spirit, by this gateway gone,
Comest thou hither on the viewless wing
When shadows of the evening fall, as now?
My spirit yearneth toward thee, and my song
Would bear its holiest offering, as is meet
To such as thou. O chide not if I bring
More than a stranger's gift; if in my song
There breathes the burden of another's heart,
Stricken with terror in the dreadful hour
Such tidings came. The voice of eloquence
That charmed thy willing ear and won thy love,
And hers who blessed thee with maternal care,
Call thee no longer.

THE OCEAN-BURIED.

Down fathoms unnumbered,
Beneath the dark sea,
Where thousands have slumbered,
There slumbereth he.
Above the cold billow
No marble may rise,
Nor cypress, nor willow,
May tell where he lies.

Yet hearts have enshrined him,
And love fondly keeps
An eye that shall find him,
Wherever he sleeps.
The wild waves are tramping,
The rude tempest blows,
Yet angels encamping,
Guard all his repose.

His rest he is taking,
'Till glory's bright morn
Shall bring his awakening —
Immortality born.
Then mourn not to leave him,
Since Mercy hath said,
'Your faith shall receive him
Again from the dead.'

TO ONE ABSENT.

Light from these sombre halls,
Hath gone, dear Mary, with thy sunny smile,
And the chill presence of a cloud, the while,
Around me falls.

Morning in golden streams,
Pours in upon me from the rising day, —
But there's no gladness in its brightest ray,
Without thy beams.

Evening with lighted lamps,
To cheer my solitude essays in vain;
The falling darkness, like an April rain
My spirit damps.

I wait your coming long,
Wife of my youth, and those dear babes of ours;
Welcome your light again within these bowers,
Welcome your song.

Harriet Marion Stephens.

THINE TILL DEATH.

They tell me that life hath a stormy sea,
Dare I trust my bark on its waves with thee?
Dare I give thee the hope of a sunny youth,
And venture my all on thy words of truth?

They tell me that love is a word for pain,
For an aching heart and a throbbing brain;
They tell me that trust is a word for tears,
For a waking dream of tempestuous fears.

Yet I hear thee talk—with a pleasant smile,
And thy dear hand clasping my own the while—
Of a love that the fondest and truest will be,
When the dark storm of woe, sweeps over life's sea.

With thee! with thee! thou hast won the prize,
I have read thy heart through thy fond blue eyes,
My soul has drank deep of thy passion breath,
My spirit is won—I am thine till death!

HARRIET MARION STEPHENS.

AGE, 31 YEARS.

Miss Harriet M. Atwell, now known in the literary world as Mrs. H. Marion Stephens, was born on the third day of July, 1823, and is a daughter of Rev. John Atwell, who has been for forty years a prominent minister of the Maine Methodist Conference. She was born in the romantic town of Sidney, Kennebec County, upon the banks of the Kennebec River. In early youth she left her native State, and for many years after resided at the South. It was while here that she first began to cultivate her native talent, which, in itself, was of no inferior order, and under the simple and modest *nom de guerre* of 'Marion Ward,' she commenced contributing to the 'Philadelphia Saturday Courier,' and as her young mind became more and more cultivated and enriched, her productions were sought for by many of the most popular magazines and journals. She was married in Charleston, S. C., on the 12th of February, 1848, to Mr. Richard Stephens, and during the following year removed to the City of Boston, where she has resided the greater portion of her time. She is an actress of some distinction, and, with her husband, has played a number of engagements at many of the principal Theatres in New England, although we believe she has retired from the stage for the present, if not permanently. Mrs. Stephens was at one time editress of the 'The Golden Age,' a monthly magazine, published by Dr. Ayer, now local editor of the Boston Chronicle. Since this magazine was discontinued, she has been a contributor to a large number of the periodicals, in all parts of the country, devoting her entire attention to literary matters. At present she writes a great deal for the 'Boston Daily Times,' 'Gleason's Pictorial,' and the 'American Union.' In the month of January, 1854, she issued, from the press of Fetridge & Co.,

Boston, 'Home Scenes, and Home Sounds; or the World from my Window;' a volume of three hundred pages, comprising a collection of her best sketches, 'hurry-graphs' and poems. In her preface she very frankly says, 'I can't even say I could do better than I have done by the odds and ends of this simple volume, for I *couldn't*. Good or bad, these sketches are my *best*.'

Mrs. Stephens has a volume now in press, entitled 'Passion and Reality,' to be issued by Fetridge & Co., during the month of November, and it promises to add much to her popularity. Her poetry finds friends wherever it goes, for it comes to the heart on the wings of Love, with whose sweet fragrance it is so highly scented. 'I Love to Love,' is a little gem of rare beauty, and found its way into 'Read's Female Poets of America,' with merely the simple name of 'Marion Ward' attached to it.

'I LOVE to love,' said a darling pet,
Whose soul looked out through her eyes of jet,
And she nestled down like a fondled dove
And lisped, 'Dear Mamma, how I love to love!'

'I love to love,' said a maiden bright,
And her words gushed forth like a stream of light,
And thrilled to the heart of a suppliant there,
With a ripple, soft as an angel's prayer.

'I love to love,' said a new-made-bride,
As she gazed on the loved one by her side,
And she clung to his arm in the star lit grove,
And breathed on his lips, 'How I love to love!'

'I love to love,' said a mother blest,
As her first-born lay like a rose on her breast,
And she thought as she smoothed down its silken hair,
That nothing on earth could be half so fair.

And thus, as we sail o'er the ocean of life,
Love pours out its oil on the desert of strife,
And swiftly our bark nears the haven above,
While we've something to hope for and something to love.

SONG OF THE IMPROVISATRICE.

THERE'S a balm on the air, and it drifts along
Like the fragrant breath of a fairy throng;
There's a spell of love on the restless deep,
And the winds are still, and the waves asleep:
And the fringed lids of the summer flowers
Are folded down in their woodland bowers;
But their lips are bright with a dewy flush —
Do *they* dream of love, through the twilight hush?

'Tis night, and the clouds, with their gorgeous dyes,
Have melted away in the pearl-blue skies;
'Tis night, and the moon from her shadowy land
Has girdled the sea with a silver band;
Yet sorrowful strains o'er my bosom sweep,
Till my heart is full, and my eyes *must* weep;
For I miss a voice with its music tone,
And murmur in sadness, *Alone, alone!*

Alone, all alone! I am thinking now
Of a star-bright eye and a noble brow;
But I miss kind words, and the dimple smile,
And a dear hand clasping my own the while.
'*Mine own, mine own!*' 'Tis a worn-out strain,
Oft spoken in rapture, oft breathed in disdain;
Yet the wildest bliss that the world has known
Is found in that sentence — '*Mine own, mine own!*'

My soul was dark, and a wild unrest,
Like a death-shroud, lay on my lonely breast;
But the shadow passed, and I knew not how
Till *thy* lips were pressed to my burning brow!
The mist dissolved, for the night had gone,
And the beautiful tints of a holy dawn
Swept over my heart with a mighty change,
And filled it with melody deep and strange.

Thou hast gone from me *now*, and I will not tell
Of the wild, wild thoughts which my bosom swell;
It would give too much to thy earnest heart —
Leaving too little for faith to impart!
Thy spirit is with me — thou *canst* not forget —
Thou'lt think of me ever with saddened regret;
Fate *may* have bereft me — it cannot control,
For thou art my being — the life of my soul!

'Tis night on the mountain — 'tis night on the sea:
Her star-'broidered mantle drapes forest and lea:
Bird music is hushed, and the streams are still,
And the wild leaves throb with a passionate thrill!
Sleep on! — sweetly sleep! — Be thy dreams as bright
As thy soul is strong in its power and might;
Sleep on — sweetly sleep, nor list to the moan
Of the minstrel heart, for it weeps alone!

MY GRAVE.

O! BURY me not in the sunless tomb,
When Death in its chain has bound me;
Let me not sleep where the shadows loom,
In the stifled air around me;
Where the bones of the scarce-remembered dead
Keep a ghastly watch round my coffin bed!

O, bury me not 'mid the ceaseless hum
Of the city's wild commotion,
Where the steps of a thoughtless crowd might come,
Like the waves of a troubled ocean.
In the eye of love should a tear-drop start,
'Twould crush it back on the swollen heart!

But bury me out in the wild, wild wood,
Where the sunlit leaves are dancing,
Where the rills leap out with a merry shout,
And the brooks in the light are glancing;
Let my bed be made by the fond and true,
Who can bear to weep when I'm shut from view.

In the forest home — in the wild wood home —
With the arching limbs above me,
Where the sunbeams creep for a quiet sleep,
To my grave, like dear friends that love me,
Let me rest 'mid the bloom of the pure and fair;
I should know that the blossoms I loved were there.

TO ONE AFAR.

Thou art not here! The midnight stars are paling
And drooping one by one from out the sky!
The night wind comes to me with wilder wailing,
As echo of my heart — thou art not by!
Yet like the stars my heart and hopes are creeping
To that dear home where thou, my love, art sleeping.

Thou'rt all my own! for, like an angel's blessing,
Slumber her woof of dreams hath o'er thee thrown!
Dost thou not feel my lips to thine now pressing?
Art not my arms entwined amid thine own?
Ah, blessed sleep! I too might share it, only
Thou art not here, and I am more than lonely.

It may be, dear, that I am only dreaming;
But life hath grown more pleasant than of yore;
And from thy lips love hath a holier seeming,
And life more hopes and aims than heretofore:
It may be, there will come a dark to-morrow,
And my heart waken to a world of sorrow.

My spirit moans for thee! I cannot hush it!
Its pleadings haunt the stillness of this hour!
My heart is in thy clasp! Ah, do not crush it
As a wanton plaything, or an idle flower!
Morn may restore the flower, its bloom departed —
But there's no morning for the broken hearted!

TO A SONGSTRESS.

I do not know thee — save by thoughts that linger,
Dream-like and beautiful upon my heart —
When my rapt soul, forgetful of the singer,
Loses itself in wonder at thy art!
I do not know thee, lady; yet full well
My spirit bows it to thy mystic spell.

I do not know thee! yet when stars are beaming
In softening lustre at the evening hour,
I seek the spot where thy bright eyes are gleaming,
And yield me captive to their witching power!
To see thee — hear thee — silently to trace
Flashings of genius on thy lovely face!

I do not know thee! yet my weary spirit
In hours of absence, kneeling at thy shrine,
Breathes out a prayer that it may yet inherit
One gleam of light like that which falls from thine.
Yet with such gift, my heart, in its excess,
Would die beneath its wealth of blissfulness!

I do not know thee! yet when flowers are springing,
When summer song-birds tales of joyance tell,
I'll think I hear thy voice in concert singing;
My heart will grow more human 'neath the spell.
May thy soul's sunshine, undimmed by tears,
Brighten the rugged path of onward years!

FAREWELL.

Farewell! farewell for aye!
Not when my heart is aching 'neath the weight
Of utter loneliness — not when the knell
Of dying hope comes with its bitter freight
Of wordless agony and woe, to tell
How giant passions, kindled into life,
Have drooped and perished 'neath the world's cold strife;
Not in such scenes of tumult and unrest,
Shall thoughts of thee commingle in my breast.

But when Forgetfulness her watch shall keep,
With folded wing, by Passion's turbid shore;
When o'er my heart sweet memories come like sleep,
And the soul dreams its strife is haply o'er;
Then shall the past gleam out a ray of light!
A fairy isle on life's tumultuous sea!
Like stars that lit the wasting soul's dark night
Shall be the memories that still cling to thee.
Farewell! farewell for aye!

Daniel C. Colesworthy.

TRUTH.

Truth will prevail, though men abhor
  The glory of its light,
And wage exterminating war
  And put all foes to flight.

Though trodden under foot of men,
  Truth from the dust will spring,
And from the press—the lip—the pen—
  In tones of thunder ring.

Beware—beware, ye who resist
  The light that beams around,
Lest, ere you look through error's mist,
  Truth strikes you to the ground.

DANIEL C. COLESWORTHY.

AGE, 44 YEARS.

D. C. Colesworthy, is a native of Portland, where he resided for nearly forty years. He was born on the fourteenth day of July, 1810, and at the age of fourteen, entered the office of the Christian Mirror, as an apprentice to the printing business. Like many other young men of talent, ambition, and perseverance, he educated himself, and graduated from the printing office with distinguished honor to the craft. In 1830 he commenced the publication of a 'Youth's Paper' at Portland, and continued it until 1835. After a lapse of five years he started the 'Portland Tribune,' a literary weekly, to which John Neal, William Cutter, Mrs. E. Oakes Smith, S. B. Beckett, and others, were contributors. While editing this journal Mr. Colesworthy became known by his brother typos from Maine to Georgia, and his articles were copied more than those of any editor in the country. They were characterized by simplicity, earnestness, and bore the sign of truth and virtue in every line. Elihu Burritt, the learned Blacksmith, in an article upon Mr. Colesworthy's literary productions, writes thus :—

'No one of our acquaintance has contributed to the great circulating medium of the press, more terse, pleasant, cheering-up articles for the young. just launching out upon the uncertain sea of life, and for those who, like Peter, were well-nigh sinking beneath its surges. Not a paper, from Maine to Missouri, comes to our hands, which does not contain one of his beautiful articles, of energetic brevity and robust humor and humanity. Who can tell how many thousands of faltering hearts and trembling, pendent hands have been strung to new hope and effort by his cheering words. The bright-eyed genius of his poetry looks hope-ward and heaven-ward, beckoning the orphan, the

heart-broken and the homeless to a home and a heaven in the heart of God and humanity; wreathing every lowering cloud with a rainbow of promise, unveiling an angel's wing in every rift of the scowling tempest.'

He has written numerous little poems full of tenderness and overflowing with simplicity and grace, which have found a welcome in every heart possessed of the finer feelings of our nature. Who can read the following beautiful little gem of his, and not feel that it has brought home a lesson of truth to his heart, one that he has never before heeded, because it did not come to him, as now, clothed in a smiling sunbeam of thought that melted its way into the coldness of his heart's chambers.

A little word in kindness spoken,
  A motion or a tear,
Has often healed the heart that's broken,
  And made a friend sincere.

A word—a look—has crushed to earth
  Full many a budding flower,
Which, had a smile but owned its birth,
  Would bless life's darkest hour.

Then deem it not an idle thing,
  A pleasant word to speak;
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,
  A heart may heal or break.

Mr. Colesworthy has been engaged in the book business for the past twenty years, fifteen of which were passed in Portland, the remainder in the city of Boston, to which he removed in 1849, and where he still resides, devoting his time almost entirely to mercantile pursuits.

YOUR BROTHER.

Turn not from your brother
Who strangely has err'd,
Nor speak as in anger
A harsh, bitter word:
In kindness approach him —
With tenderness speak —
If vicious, be gentle —
Support him, if weak.

Kind words and compassion!
Sure weapons to save
The fallen and erring,
And snatch from the grave.
Ye all have the power,
Though humble and poor,
These weapons to use
And the lost to restore.

Go then to your brother
Just turning away
From wisdom and virtue,
And be his strong stay.
No moment is wasted,
No words are in vain,
When the lost and the erring
To virtue you gain.

ONE DEED OF KINDNESS.

One deed of kindness every day
Be earnest to perform;
One mite give to the poor away —
One shelter from the storm.

One word of comfort speak to him
Whose brow is dark with care;
One smile for her whose eyes are dim
By sickness or despair.

One look of kind compassion give —
One motion or a sigh;
One breath to bid the dying live —
One prayer to God on high.

What joy one moment may impart,
If it is spent aright!
One moment saves the broken heart
And puts despair to flight.

All can bestow most precious gifts —
The weak, the low, the poor;
The feeling heart from sorrow lifts
To Heaven's wide-open door.

DON'T KILL THE BIRDS.

Don't kill the birds — the little birds
That sing about your door,
Soon as the joyous spring has come,
And chilling storms are o'er,
The little birds, how sweet they sing!
O, let them joyous live;
And never seek to take the life
Which you can never give.

Don't kill the birds — the little birds
That play among the trees;
'Twould make the earth a cheerless place,
Should we dispense with these.
The little birds, how fond they play!
Do not disturb their sport;
But let them warble forth their songs,
Till winter cuts them short.

Don't kill the birds — the happy birds
That bless the field and grove;
So innocent to look upon,
They claim our warmest love.
The happy birds — the tuneful birds,
How pleasant 'tis to see;
No spot can be a cheerless place
Where'er their presence be.

BE NOT DISCOURAGED.

Be never discouraged —
  Look up and look on;
When the prospect is darkest
  The cloud is withdrawn:
The shadows that blacken
  The earth and the sky,
Speak to the strong-hearted,
  Salvation is nigh.

Be never discouraged —
  Mock, mock at the tears
That fall in your pathway,
  And laugh at the fears
That sometimes will darken
  The sunniest face;
Push on and be foremost
  In the van of the race.

Be never discouraged —
  The heart that will quail
And sink at a spectre,
  How can it prevail?
From morning till sunset
  'Tis cheerless and still,
As the shadows that slumber
  On the bleak, icy hill.

Be never discouraged —
The true and the wise,
While others are waiting,
Secure the rich prize:
No object of terror,
No word of alarm,
Shall hinder their progress,
Or stay the strong arm.

Be never discouraged,
If you would secure
The earth's richest blessings
And make heaven sure,
Yield not in the battle,
Nor quail in the blast;
The brave and unyielding
Win nobly at last.

Be never discouraged —
By day and by night
Have glory in prospect
And wisdom in sight;
Undaunted and faithful,
You never will fail,
Though kingdoms oppose you
And devils assail.

LET US DO GOOD.

Let us do good. How sweet the thought,
We have the wretched blest —
Threw smiles upon a clouded brow,
And sunshine in the breast!

To know we've dried a single tear,
And made one moment bright —
Or struck a feeble spark to cheer
The darkest hour of night —

Will give to us more joy at last
Than Cæsar's triumphs gave;
The memory of such deeds will live
In worlds beyond the grave.

Then in the little sphere we move,
Let kindness touch the heart;
While every word shall lead to love
And happiness impart.

William G. Crosby.

TRUE FAME.

SUGGESTED BY CHANTRY'S STATUE OF WASHINGTON.

Who hath not hoped for immortality?
And what is immortality?—to be
Awhile remembered, when the heart is cold,
And o'er the nerveless hand hath crept the mould
Of the damp sepulchre? to be heralded
By the loud trump of Fame, when life hath fled,
Until even its echo hath gone past
And perished in the abyss of ages? No!
It is to live while memory shall last,
Shrined deep within the heart - the ceaseless flow
Of centuries only adding to the sum
Of the world's gratitude! 'tis to become
The embodied soul of genius!—such a one,
As the eye gazeth on—even Washington.

WILLIAM G. CROSBY.

Hon. William G. Crosby, the present Whig Governor of this State, is a native of the city of Belfast, where he now resides, engaged in the practice of law. He is an alumnus of Bowdoin College and one of the 'Bowdoin Poets,' spoken of in our sketch of Mr. Weston. While a member of this institution he devoted himself quite successfully to the Muses, and we believe published a small volume of poems, although he writes us that he never meets any of his old productions without a strong desire to disclaim their authorship, and cast them into oblivion. Notwithstanding this, we feel obliged, owing to the superior merit of his poetry, and the prominent positions which he has occupied in the literary world, to place him among the Native Poets of Maine. Of late years, he has written but very little, and that prose, although his poetry is of a higher order, and is better calculated to show the true character and depth of his talent.

The works to which Mr. Crosby contributed, when devoting his unoccupied moments to literary recreation, were of the most popular kind then published. Among others, were 'The Token,' a Boston Annual, edited by Nathaniel P. Willis, and other distinguished literary men. 'The Legendary,' a work illustrating scenes, manners, and legends of our country, and of which we have alluded to more fully in our other sketches; and the 'Bowdoin Poets.' He is introduced into 'Specimens of American Poetry,' a work in three volumes, edited by Samuel Kettell, and published by S. G. Goodrich & Co., Boston, in 1829. In the 'Biographical Sketch,' of a few lines only, the editor introduces him as 'the author of Poetical Illustrations of the Atheneum Gallery, besides various other performances in verse.' The poem

given in that work as a specimen of Mr. Crosby's poetry, was one entitled, 'To a Lady, with a Withered Leaf,' which we have included in this volume.

For several years Mr. Crosby has been engaged in political matters, and filled several offices of importance and trust connected with the affairs of State, and public movements. It cannot be expected that a man, however gifted and however highly and delicately cultivated his mind may be, who goes into the arena of political strife, amid its calumnies, intrigues, and debasing influences, can retain, to any honorable extent a companionship with the Muse. A man whose mind has been cultivated, as his has been, should find a sphere of greater usefulness far removed from such scenes, where he could do honor to himself, to his friends, and to the noble gifts which nature has endowed him with. How much happier, and more peacefully would his pathway down the slope of declining years be made, and how much more calmly and resignedly would he go down into his grave, over which the voice of calumny, enmity, and political wrongs would never be breathed.

TELLING THE DREAM.

'Tis a most beauteous night! Ianthe, come!
Wilt thou walk forth? Oh! I am sick at heart
Of this gay revelry. Its busy hum
Falls heavy on mine ear. I cannot laugh
With these light-hearted laughers, and mine eye
Is wearied with gazing, Let me fling
Thy mantle round thee.

Is't not beautiful!
The radiance of this starry sky? How pale,
And lustreless are all we've left behind,
Compared with its bright jewelry! Perchance
Chaste Dian holds her festival to-night.
See, how she smiles! On such an eve as this,
So runs the tale, she left her home in heaven,
Lured thence to meet upon the Latmian hill
Her shepherd boy, and placed upon his lips
The kiss of immortality! Poor youth!
He only dreamed of bliss. On such a night,
The love-crazed Sappho poured her latest song
Upon Leucate's height, and swan-like died.
She dreamed — but dreamed too madly! And, perchance,
On such a night, the Roman Antony
Threw off the crown and purple, and gave up

Glory, dominion — for a wanton's smile!
He was a dreaming madman — was he not,
Ianthe, thus to fling his all away,
For woman's smile?

Come, rest within this bower,
And I will tell thee, though thy lips may chide,
And call me 'Dreaming Boy.' Yes, I have dreamed —
Perchance am dreaming now; but thou shalt hear:

I had lain down to slumber on a bank
Sprinkled with violets. The plaintive moan
Of far-off waters, mingling with the hum
Of thousand busy insects, gathering in
Each its own store of sweets, filling the air
With melody, spread its sweet influence
O'er my lulled senses, and methought that I
Was wandering here, with thee! 'Twas strange, Ianthe!
But then the time, the place, so like to this,
I cannot but remember. 'Twas a night
Like this, save that it wore the loveliness
And richness of a dream o'er all its charms.
The sporting moonbeams twined themselves around
The leaves and branches of the o'erhanging trees,
Like ivy round the mouldering monument —
Half seen, half hid — and from their azure depths,
The stars were looking out with eyes that watch
O'er Nature's slumbering. We had left the hall
To lighter hearts, and arm in arm had strayed
Through the long winding mazes of the grove,
Until, at length, we reached this bower. One beam
Of moonlight, streaming through its trellised roof,
Fell on thy cheek; methought it never looked

One half so lovely — and, indeed, till now,
It never did, Ianthe! And then I —
Strange, that my brain should dream what my tongue fears
To utter even now! 'Twas but a dream,
However, and the masquers are not gone,
So I'll e'en finish it — well then, methought,
I told thee, though 'twas in a whispered breath,
And softer than the night wind's gentlest sigh,
How I did love — that was the word — did *love*,
And even worship thee! And then I swore,
By Venus, and the starry train above —
By thy bright eyes, which did outrival them —
By all love's fond remembrances, that I
Would guard and cherish thee, wouldst thou but be
My own, my own Ianthe! And then — then —
Heed not my passionate dreaming — I did seal
My vow upon thy lips; and then I watched
To see them open, and to hear thy voice,
Steal forth in gentle murmuring, like the tone
Of a sigh that hath found utterance. Then I twined
Mine arm around thee — thus; and placed thy cheek
Upon my bosom — thus; and bade thee tell,
Though 'twere but with a glance, or place thy heart
Upon thy lips, and breathe it in a kiss,
If I might dare to love; and then thine eyes
Peered up through their dark lashes, with a look
So tender, yet so melancholy, and
Thy lips parted with a sigh — and then —
And then —

Do dreams always prove true, Ianthe?

THE LAST LEAF.

Lone trembling one!
Last of a summer race, withered and sear,
And shivering — wherefore art thou lingering here?
Thy work is done.

Thou hast seen all
The summer flowers reposing in their tomb,
And the green leaves, that knew thee in their bloom,
Wither and fall!

The voice of Spring,
Which called thee into being, ne'er again
Will greet thee — nor the gentle Summer rain
New verdure bring.

The Zephyr's breath
No more will wake for thee its melody —
But the lone sighing of the blast shall be
Thy hymn of death.

Yet a few days,
A few faint struggles with the Autumn storm,
And the strained eye, to catch thy quivering form,
In vain may gaze.

Pale Autumn leaf!
Thou art an emblem of mortality.
The broken heart, once young and fresh like thee,
Withered by grief, —

Whose leaves are fled,
Whose loved ones all have drooped and died away,
Still clings to life — and lingering, loves to stay
Above the dead!

But list — even now
I hear the gathering of the wintry blast;
It comes — thy frail form trembles — it is past!
And so art thou.

TO A LADY,

WITH A WITHERED LEAF.

What offering can the minstrel bring,
To cast upon affection's shrine?
'Twas hard thy magic spells to fling
O'er the fond heart already thine!

Thou wouldst not prize the glittering *gem*,
Thou wouldst but cast the *pearl* away;
For thine is now a diadem,
Of lustre brighter far than they.

I will not bring the spring-tide flower,
Reposing on its gentle leaf;
Its memory lives but for an hour —
I would not *thine* should be as brief.

My heart! — but that has long been thine —
'Twere but a worthless offering;
The ruin of a rifled shrine,
A flower that fast is withering.

My song! — 'tis but a mournful strain,
So deep in sorrow's mantle clad,
E'en echo will not wake again
The music of a strain so sad.

A *wither'd leaf!* — nay, scorn it not,
Nor deem it all unworthy thee;
It grew upon a hallow'd spot,
And sacred is its memory.

I pluck'd it from a lonely bough,
That hung above my *mother's grave*,
And felt, e'en then, that none but thou
Could'st prize the gift affection gave.

She faded with the flowers of spring,
That o'er her lifeless form was cast, —
And when I pluck'd this faded thing,
'Twas shivering in the autumn blast.

'Twas the last one! — all — all were gone,
They bloom'd not where the yew trees wave;
This leaf and I were left alone,
Pale watchers o'er my mother's grave.

I mark'd it, when full oft I sought
That spot so dear to memory;
I *loved* it — for I fondly thought,
It linger'd there to mourn with me!

I've moisten'd it with many a tear,
I've hallow'd it with many a prayer:
And while this bursting heart was clear
From guilt's dark stain, I shrined it there.

Now, lady, now the gift is thine!
Oh, guard it with a vestal's care;
Make but thine angel heart its shrine,
And I will kneel and worship there!

David Barker.

STANZAS.

TO ONE WHO SENT ME A WITHERED LEAF.

Take back your leaf again —
  Why make the tear-drop start;
Why plant this weary pain
  Like daggers in my heart?

Take back your leaf again, —
  Why drain my drop of bliss;
Why madden up my brain
  With such a type as this?

I knew our joys had fled,
  I knew your faith was brief;
I knew my love was dead, —
  Dead like this withered leaf.

DAVID BARKER.

AGE, 37 YEARS.

David Barker, Esq., was born in the town of Exeter, on the ninth day of September, 1846. He commenced life a poor boy, with only such advantages for an education as were afforded by small country towns, at that time, in their public schools, yet with the same indomitable and praiseworthy self-exertion and perseverance that have marked his later years, he devoted himself to a course of self-education, and by a thorough and arduous research, acquired what was then considered a superior education. Slowly, but surely, he worked his way along — learning a little here, and earning a little there — until he became a law student in the office of the Hon. Samuel Cony, who was then in practice at Exeter. Mr. Barker pursued the study of law until his course was finished, and then, in order to be able to commence the practice of it, taught school for a few years, by which occupation he acquired means enough to open an office in his native town, which he did in 1844, and has since remained there, practicing as much as his health would admit. Many of his poems are but a true index to the character of their author, and come from his heart, spontaneously, like the gushing forth of water from a spring; among these are 'Try Again,' 'Solace for Dark Hours,' and 'Make Your Mark;' which possess true every-day-life poetry, and find an echo in every enterprising breast.

Mr. Barker is a man of feeble health, although vigorous in mind, and one whose life has been full of bodily suffering, which has prevented him from engaging extensively in active business life. This, with the hardships and trials through which he has fought his way up the rugged path of life, reflect the highest credit upon his talent, energy, and indomitable perseverance, which have been fostered by no encouraging influence or wealth, but by hard struggling and poverty.

TRY AGAIN.

Should your cherish'd purpose fail,
Never falter, swerve, nor quail;
Nerve the arm and raise the hand,
Fling the outer garments by,
With a dauntless courage stand,
Shouting forth the battle cry!
Try again!
Is your spirit bowed by grief,
Rally quick, for life is brief;
Every saint in yonder sphere,
Borne through tribulation here,
Whispers in the anxious ear
Of each mortal in despair,
Try again!
What though stricken to the earth,
Up, man, as from a second birth;
Yonder flower beneath the tread,
Struggling when the foot has gone,
Rising feebly in its bed,
Tells the hopeless looker-on,
Try again!
Guided by the hand of Right,
With Hope's taper for a light,
With a destiny like ours,
And that destiny to choose;
With such God-created powers,
And a heaven to gain or lose,
Try again.

A SOLACE FOR DARK HOURS.

A PURLING rill — so small and weak —
Once nearly died upon its way,
While running round the sea to seek,
Upon a summer's day.
But soon a cloud hung o'er that rill,
And soon came down an autumn rain,
When quick it danced by vale and hill
Restored to strength again.

So pilgrim, though your sky should lower,
Though sorrow's storms should come at length,
Yet God may clothe that storm with power
To give you strength.
It is not best that all should live
'Mid peaceful gales — 'neath sunny skies,
For cloud and tempest often give
Rich blessings in disguise.

The seaman's bark, whose bellied sail
The storm has drenched and wind has fill'd,
To reach its destined port might fail
If storm and wind were still'd.
And thus our barks may quicker find,
Though long of angry waves the sport,
Though dashed ahead by storm and wind,
A final, peaceful port.

The smouldering coals that underneath
Some cumbrous pile have calmly lain,
Might fire the world if fanned by breath
Of passing hurricane.
And brother, now perhaps thou hast,
Deep buried 'neath plebeian name,
A fire, which, touched by sorrow's blast,
May kindle into flame.

The rust that creeps o'er warrior's blade,
When peace can sleep without alarms,
Is seen no more when shout is made,
'To arms! the foe! to arms!'
And thus a readiness for strife,
For action in this world of fight,
May both protect the spirit's life,
And keep its weapons bright.

Fear not the man of wealth and birth,
Securely resting in his seat,
But sooner him, who, dashed to earth,
Is rising to his feet.
From straightened bow the arrow'd spear
By warrior's arm is never sent,
The danger which you have to fear
Comes when that bow is bent.

William Cutter.

THE ONE TALENT.

'TO EVERY MAN ACCORDING TO HIS SEVERAL ABILITY.'

Hide not thy talent in the earth; —
  However small it be,
Its faithful use, its utmost worth,
  God will require of thee.

The humblest service rendered here
  He will as truly own,
As Paul's, in his exalted sphere,
  Or Gabriel's, near the throne.

The cup of water kindly given,
  The widow's cheerful mites,
Are worthier, in the eye of heaven,
  Than pride's most costly rites.

His own, which He hath lent on trust,
  He asks of thee again;
Little or much, the claim is just,
  And thine excuses vain.

Go then, and strive to do thy part —
  Though humble it may be,
The ready hand, the willing heart,
  Are all heaven asks of thee.

WILLIAM CUTTER.

AGE, 52 YEARS.

William Cutter is a son of the Hon. Levi Cutter, of Portland, and a native of the town of North Yarmouth, although his early years were spent in the city of Portland, where his parents removed while he was quite young. He was born some time during the year of 1802. He graduated from Bowdoin College, and for a short time studied Theology at the Andover Theological Seminary, but owing to ill health relinquished it, and, returning to Portland, engaged in mercantile pursuits. While here he contributed largely to many of the leading magazines in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, also to the 'Portland Tribune,' a literary weekly, and at that time became very widely known as a periodical writer. Several of his articles appeared in the 'Token,' a Boston Annual, 'The Legendary,' the 'Bowdoin Poets,' and 'Portland Sketch Book.' In 1846, he published a life of Putnam, and three years after, a life of Lafayette, both of which have recently been issued in splendid style by a New York publishing house. For the past ten years Mr. Cutter has been engaged in mercantile pursuits in New York, and devotes himself less frequently than in former years to literary matters. He is the author of those lines so often quoted, and so full of truth and wisdom.

What if the little rain should say,
'So small a drop as I
Can ne'er refresh the thirsty earth,
I'll tarry in the sky.'

What if a shining beam of noon
Should in its fountain stay,
Because its feeble light alone
Is not enough for day!

Doth not each rain-drop help to form
The cool refreshing shower?
And every ray of light to warm
And beautify the flower?

THE VALLEY OF SILENCE.

It was a perfect Eden for beauty. The scent of flowers came up on the gale, the swift stream sparkled like a flow of diamonds in the sun, and a smile of soft light glistened on every leaf and blade, as they drank in the life-giving ray. Its significant loveliness was eloquent to the eye, and the heart; but a strange deep silence reigned over it all. So perfect was the unearthly hush, you could almost hear yourself think. KATAHDIN.

Has thy foot ever trod that silent dell? —
'Tis a place for the voiceless thought to swell,
And the eloquent song to go up unspoken,
Like the incense of flowers whose urns are broken;
And the unveiled heart may look in and see,
In that deep, strange silence, its motions free,
And learn how the pure in spirit feel
That unseen Presence to which they kneel.

No sound goes up from the quivering trees,
When they spread their arms to the welcome breeze.
They wave in the zephyr, they bow to the blast,
But they breathed not a word of the power that pass'd;
And their leaves come down on the turf and the stream,
With as noiseless a fall as the step of a dream;
And the breath that is bending the grass and the flowers,
Moves o'er them as lightly as evening hours.

The merry bird lights down on that dell,
And hushing his breath, lest the song should swell,
Sits with folded wing, in the balmy shade,
Like a musical thought in the soul unsaid;
And they of strong pinion and lofter flight
Pass over that valley, like clouds in the night —
They move not a wing in that solemn sky,
But sail in a reverent silence by.

The deer in his flight has passed that way,
And felt the deep spell's mysterious sway —
He hears not the rush of the path he cleaves,
Nor his bounding step on the trampled leaves.
The hare goes up on that sunny hill —
And the footsteps of morning are not more still.
And the wild, and the fierce, and the mighty are there —
Unheard in the hush of that slumbering air.

The stream rolls down in that valley serene,
Content in its beautiful flow to be seen;
And its fresh, flowry banks and its pebbly bed
Were never yet told of its fountain-head.
And it still rushes on — but they ask not why;
With its smiles of light it is hurrying by;
Still gliding or leaping, unwhispered, unsung,
Like the flow of bright fancies it flashes along.

The wind sweeps by, and the leaves are stirred,
But never a whisper or sigh is heard;
And when its strong rush laid low the oak,
Not a murmur the eloquent stillness broke;

And the gay young echoes, those mockers that lie
In the dark mountain sides, make no reply ;
But hushed in their caves, they are listening still
For the songs of that valley to burst o'er the hill.

I love society ; I am o'erblest to hear
The mingling voices of a world ; mine ear
Drinks in their music with a spiritual taste ;
I love companionship on life's gray waste,
And might not live unheard ; — yet that still vale —
It had no fearful mystery in its tale —
Its hush was grand, not awful — as if there
The voice of nature were a breathing prayer.
'Twas like a holy temple, where the pure
Might join in their hushed worship, and be sure
No sound of earth could come — a soul kept still,
In faith's unanswering meekness, for Heaven's will —
Its eloquent thoughts sent upward and abroad,
But all its deep, hushed voices kept for God !

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?

THY neighbor? It is he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless —
Whose aching heart and burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbor? 'Tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim —
Whom hunger sends from door to door —
Go thou and succor him.

Thy neighbor? 'Tis that weary man,
Whose years are at their brim —
Bent low with sickness, care and pain —
Go thou and comfort him.

Thy neighbor? 'Tis the heart bereft
Of every earthly gem;
Widow and orphan helpless left —
Go thou and shelter them.

Thy neighbor? Yonder toiling slave,
Fettered in thought and limb —
Whose hopes are all beyond the grave —
Go thou and ransom him.

Where'er thou meet'st a human form
Less favored than thy own,
Remember 'tis thy neighbor worm,
Thy brother or thy son.

Oh, pass not, pass not heedless by,
Perhaps thou canst redeem
The breaking heart from misery —
Go, share thy lot with him.

THE BRIDAL.

If health be firm — if friends be true —
If self be well controlled —
If tastes be pure — if wants be few,
And not too often told, —

If reason always rule the heart,
And passion own its sway —
If love, for aye, to life impart
The zest it gives to-day, —

If Providence, with parent care,
Mete out the varying lot,
While meek contentment bows to share
The palace or the cot, —

And ah! if Faith sublime and clear,
The spirit upward guide —
Then blest indeed, and blest fore'er,
The Bridegroom and the Bride!

Nathaniel Deering.

FATHER RALLE'S SOLILOQUY.

AN EXTRACT FROM CARABASSET.

Poor children of the forest! thanks to Heaven,
Here ye can rest your weary limbs at last,
Nor fear surprise. May all be calm within —
Calm as the noble stream that sweeps around
Your humble habitations. Oh! how still
And solemn is the hour. So lightly falls
The foostep on this moss, 'twould scarce be heard,
Were it not strewn with Autumn's dying leaves:
Fit emblems of our fate! a moment fair,
And fresh, and fragrant, and then — low in dust.
Hark! 'tis the howling of the famished wolf
Snuffing the track of some tall antler'd moose,
As he goes down to bathe him in the waters;
He's ever on the watch, nor tires of blood,
And so is man, when left unto himself,
Unciviliz'd, with passions uncontrolled,
Knowing no law but arbitrary will,
And render'd desperate by persecution.

NATHANIEL DEERING.

THIS gentleman is a native of Portland, where he has resided the larger portion of his life, and a son of the late James Deering, Esq., who was one of the wealthiest and most influential of its citizens. He was educated at Harvard University, and like men of wealth at that period, devoted himself to literary pursuits merely as a source of recreation and cultivation of the mind. Although but little known at the present time as a literary character, he formerly occupied a high position among the 'Portland Writers' in the 'good old days' of Neal, Davies, Cutter, Mellen, Beckett, Colesworthy and others, who figured quite prominently before the reading public. The longest of Mr. Deering's poetical productions, is, we believe, a dramatic poem of fifty pages, entitled 'Carabasset; a Tragedy in Five Acts,' which was published in 1830. This poem is founded upon events connected with the visit of the English to Norridgewok, in 1724, and the death of Father Ralle, a French Priest, whose history is well known to the citizens of our State. It contains many passages of more than ordinary merit, and taken as a whole does credit to the talent of its author. Throughout the entire poem the reader discovers a careful finish, a purity of thought and expression, which make it more readable and place it on a higher scale as a literary composition. In the closing scene, where Carabasset, the Chief of the Norridgewoks — who are supposed to be all killed in the engagement — rather than be taken prisoner, thus valiantly defies their power, and then leaps into the cataract below.

> Advance, and I will hurl ye from this cliff
> Into the gulph that yawns beneath. Behold
> The last of all the Norridgewoks—a race

Who die in battle. Cowards, do ye think
That Carabasset, he who led them on,
In many a bloody conflict, would submit
To the vile cords that ye would bind him with?
Return, return and tell your masters this —
Tell them he scorned to be the sport of slaves;
Of those whom he had trampled on — of those
Whom he had dragged as captives — ay, of those
Whose lips do quiver when they mention him.
Go, tell them this.
Tell them that thus a Norridgewok hath liv'd,
And thus — can die.

Since the publication of this tragedy we believe Mr. Deering has issued another poem of nearly the same length, but of what character we do not know, as it is long since out of print. His fugitive poems, contributed to the 'Lady's Book', 'Portland Tribune,' and other magazines and journals, were characterized, like his longer ones, by the same careful finish, and freedom from the overstrained expression which destroys the beauty of so much of our otherwise exalted poetry. He wrote some years ago a parody on Longfellow's 'Wreck of the Hesperus,' which was somewhat popular, although a kind of poetry not calculated to add much to an author's true merit.

THE GRAVE.

Mark this lowly mound
Where the rank weeds wave;
Mortal, thou art bound
Hither — 'tis the grave!
Though no sculptured stone
Now the tale reveals;
Yet, a spirit tone
From beneath it steals.

Listen! it declares
'Here the weary rest;'
That its tenant fares
As a bidden guest.
As a guest assured
Of a welcome there;
Free from toils endured —
Sorrow, want and care.

Where the wanderer knows
That his goal is won;
Where he can repose
Now his task is done.

Where the broken heart
Checks its bitter moan;
Where affliction's smart
Ceases — and is gone.

Where the slave is free!
Where the galling chain
And the lash will be
Heeded not again.
Where vice fails to wrong,
And its reign is o'er:
Where friends, parted long,
Meet, to part no more.

Welcome, peaceful bed!
When our lamps expire,
Though no tear be shed,
Though no tuneful choir
Chant in mournful strains
While round our bier;
Yet a rest remains
Long denied us here.

THE HARP.

Oh, leave the Harp, in pity leave!
To none it yields its thrilling tone,
Since she who woke its note at eve,
Reposes 'neath the dark grey stone.

A seraph's voice was hers who hung
So fondly o'er the trembling string,
And mournful was the strain she sung,
That oft the silent tear would bring.

For sad the story of her woes —
The child of sorrow from her birth —
Nor wonder at the song she chose —
A requiem to departed worth.

Yet from those lips no murmur came;
'Twas praise to that all gracious Power,
Whose arm upheld her wasted frame,
And guarded in the adverse hour.

That voice is hushed — yet in the glade,
When the soft night-wind passes by,
That Harp, as if by spirits played,
Will breathe its sweetest melody.

As if the one to memory dear
Had left awhile the world of bliss,
And touched the magic chords to cheer
The hearts of those she knew in this.

Then let the Harp in silence rest,
No hand can wake its thrilling tone,
Since she who loved its music best,
Reposes 'neath the dark grey stone.

Various Authors.

SYLVESTER B. BECKETT.

SYLVESTER B. BECKETT is a native of Portland, in which City he was born during the month of May, 1812. At an early age he became an apprentice to the printing business in the office of the Christian Mirror, a weekly paper, published in that City, and devoted to Religion. After serving his apprenticeship he remained as a compositor in the office, and having been endowed by nature with promising native talent, devoted his spare moments to literary matters, contributing to various journals and magazines. He was for some time connected with his friend Colesworthy, as editor of the 'Portland Tribune,' after that gentleman had disposed of his interest in it as publisher. Subsequent to this Mr. Beckett had been a regular contributor to its columns. He still resides in his native City.

O, LADY! SING THAT SONG AGAIN!

O, lady! sing that song again;
Sweet visions of the past
Are wakened at the plaintive strain—
Sing on and bid them last!
Thou hast the voice of one who sleeps
Beneath the willow tree,
Who oft in by gone happy hours,
Hath tuned those notes for me.

They bring to mind the home of youth,
Beneath the old oak's shade,
Each breezy slope, each rock and tree,
Each darksome forest-glade;
And forms familiar rise to view,
To whom my heart would cling,
All clothed with beauty, gladness, youth,
Sing on, kind lady, sing!

Sad was the day when I went forth—
And death came in my stead,
And they are scattered through the world,
Or in their 'narrow bed;'
But as I listen to thy voice,
In fancy blest I roam,
Amidst the green and peaceful scenes
Of my forsaken home!

Owing to an unfortunate accident, which occurred at this portion of our work, we are obliged to curtail our selections from these authors, which we regret exceedingly. — EDITOR.

CHARLES PHELPS ROBERTS.

CHARLES P. ROBERTS is a native of the City of Bangor, where he was born on the fourteenth day of February, 1822. His father removed to Bangor in early youth, and is now one of its oldest citizens. The subject of this sketch received his early education at the Bangor High School, from which he entered Bowdoin College, and was graduated in the Class of 1845. After this he studied law for some time in the office of James S. Rowe, Esq., a member of the Penobscot Bar, and U. S. Commissioner for Bangor. Mr. Roberts was admitted to practice in 1847, but becoming connected with the editorial department of the Bangor Daily Mercury, he relinquished it, and for four years devoted his time and talent to editorial matters. He is now one of the editors of the Bangor Daily Journal, a new daily paper recently started in that City.

THE SLEEP OF NATURE.

As an earthquake rocks a corse,
In its coffin in the clay
So white Winter, that rough nurse,
Rocks the death-cold year to-day.

SHELLEY.

She is not dead, but sleepeth.

SCRIPTURE.

THE wind is loud, and a frosty shroud
Wraps Nature in its fold,
The Frost King's hands, as with iron bands,
Have set and sealed their hold.

How swift and fleet were the Day-God's feet,
That danced along the plain!
And sudden and brief the fall of the leaf,
Told Winter come again!

As sweet and deep as a maiden's sleep,
In snow-white vesture laid,
Looks Nature now, with her pale cold brow,
In her wintry garb array'd.

Yet fair as the flush of a virgin's blush,
Shall she rise from sleep and dream,
And roseate hues with the glittering dews,
Shall weave her gorgeous sheen.

And again shall sing the birds in the Spring,
And Nature's heart shall glow;
The fruits and flowers, in the genial showers,
Shall blossom sweet and grow.

On hill-side and plain shall nod the ripe grain,
In Summer's golden sun,
And Autumn shall cheer with the fruits of the year,
The reapers' work well done.

Thus warm or a-cold, she waxeth not old,
Since the sweet morn of her birth,
When the glad stars sang and the echoes rang,
Through all the heaven and earth.

BENJAMIN A. G. FULLER.

B. A. G. Fuller, Esq., is a native of Augusta, where he was born on the twenty-third of May, 1818, and is a son of the late Judge Fuller, of that city. He was educated at Bowdoin College, from which he graduated in 1839. During the previous year he delivered a poem before the Athenean Society of the College. On graduating, he studied law in his father's office, and also at the Harvard Law School, Cambridge, Mass. In 1841, he was admitted to the Kennebec Bar, and entered to practice in his native city, where he has since remained. For the past four years he has been Judge of the Municipal Court of Augusta.

FAITH, HOPE, CHARITY.

'And now abideth Faith, Hope, Charity, these three: but the greatest of these is Charity.'

Have Hope! — it is the brightest star
That lights life's pathway down:
A richer, purer gem than decks
An Eastern Monarch's crown.
The Midas that may turn to joy
The grief-fount of the soul;
That points the prize, and bids thee press
With fervor to the goal.

Have Hope! — as the toss'd mariner
Upon the wild wave driven,
With rapture hails the Polar star,
His guiding light to haven, —
So Hope shall gladden thee, and guide
Along life's stormy road,
And, as a sacred beacon, stand
To point thee to thy God.

Have FAITH! — the substance of things hoped,
Of things not seen, the sign;
That nerves the arm with God-like might, —
The soul with strength divine.
Have FAITH! — her rapid foot shall bring
Thee conquering to the goal,
Her glowing hand with honors wreathe
A chaplet for thy soul.

Have FAITH! — and though around thy bark
The tempest surges roar;
At her stern voice the storm shall rest,
The billows rage no more.
HOPE bids the soul to soar on high,
And yet no wing supplies;
She marks the way — but FAITH shall bear
The spirit to the skies.

Have CHARITY! — for though thou'st faith
To make the hills remove,
Thou nothing art, if wanting this, —
The Charity of love.
And though an angel's tongue were thine,
Whose voice none might surpass,
If Charity inspire thee not,
Thou art as sounding brass!

Have CHARITY! — that suffers long,
Is kind and thinks no ill;
That grieveth for a brother's fault,
Yet loves that brother still.
FAITH, HOPE and CHARITY! — of these
The last is greatest, best,
'Tis Heaven itself come down to dwell
Within the human breast.

"FLORENCE PERCY."

THIS is the *nom de guerre* of a highly gifted lady, whose poems, contributed to the 'Boston Post,' and other journals, have attracted much attention. She was born in the rural town of Strong, Franklin County, on the ninth day of August, 1832. She resided there during her childhood, and amid its romantic scenery, and the quiet of its peaceful village life, found

> 'An eloquent voice in all
> The sylvan pomp of woods, the golden sun,
> The flowers, the leaves, the river on its way,
> Blue skies, and silver clouds, and gentle winds,'

and learned to warble forth in strains of sweet poetic melody the lessons which they taught to her admiring soul, in their silent voices.

JUNE SHOWER.

How this delicious rain
Brings up the flowers! One might almost say
It rains down blossoms — for where yesterday
I sought for them in vain,
They lie by hundreds on the wet green earth,
Rejoicing in the freshness of their birth.

With idly folded hands
The farmer sits within his cottage door,
Watching the blessings which the full clouds pour
Upon his thirsty lands —
Where written promise by his eye is seen,
In visible characters of living green.

Unyoked the oxen stand,
The cool rain plashing on their heaving sides,
And with wide nostrils breathe the fragrant tides
Of breezes flowing bland;
Then, as though sated with the odor sweet,
Crop the new grass that springs beneath their feet.

Bloom-laden lilac trees,
Their purple glories dripping with the rain,
Shake off the drops in odorous showers again;
And the small fragrances
Of cherry blossoms, and of violet blue,
Come balmily the open window through.

No harsh or jarring sound
Breaks the refreshing stillness of the hour;
The gentle footfalls of the passing shower
Patter along the ground —
The swallows twitter gladly from the eaves,
And the small rain talks softly to the leaves.

Sweet is the gushing song
Which the young birds sing in the summer time,
The wind's soft voice, the river's wavy chime,
Flowing in joy along.
But more than all I love the pleasant tune
Sung by the rain-drops in the month of June!

EDWARD MANN FIELD.

Dr. Field was born in Belfast, on the twenty-seventh of July, 1822. He was educated at Bowdoin College, in the class of 1845, and received his diploma from the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, in 1848, having subsequently passed two years in the Hospitals of London and Paris. In 1850, he commenced the practice of his profession in the city of Bangor, where he still remains.

MY SISTER.

I remember how I loved her,
When a little guiltless child,
I saw her in the cradle
As she look'd on me and smil'd.
My cup of happiness was full —
My joy words cannot tell;
And I bless'd the glorious Giver
'Who doeth all things well.'

Months pass'd — that bud of promise
Was unfolding every hour;
I thought that earth had never smiled
Upon a fairer flower.
So beautiful it well might grace
The bowers where angels dwell,
And waft its fragrance to His throne
'Who doeth all things well.'

Years fled — that little sister then
Was dear as *life* to me,
And woke in my unconscious heart,
A wild idolatry:

I worshipp'd at an earthly shrine,
Lured by some magic spell,
Forgetful of the praise of Him
'Who doeth all things well.'

She was the lovely star, whose light
Around my pathway shone,
Amid the darksome vale of tears,
Through which I journied on.
Its radiance had obscur'd the light,
Which round His throne doth dwell,
And I wander'd far away from Him
'Who doeth all things well.'

That star went down in beauty —
Yet it shineth sweetly now,
In the light and dazzling coronet,
That decks the Saviour's brow.
She bow'd to the Destroyer,
Whose shafts none may repel,
But we know, for God has told us,
'He doeth all things well.'

I remember well my sorrow,
As I stood beside her bed,
And my deep and heartfelt anguish,
When they told me *she was* dead.
And oh! that cup of bitterness —
Let not my heart rebel,
God gave — He took — He will restore —
'He doeth all things well.'

MELVILLE WESTON FULLER.

MELVILLE WESTON FULLER is a native of Augusta, and a son of the late Frederic A. Fuller, Esq., who was a lawyer of that City. He was born on the eleventh day of February, 1833, and passed his early years in his native city, where he prepared himself, by a course of self-education, for Bowdoin College, and at the age of sixteen was admitted as a Freshman. He graduated in 1853, with distinguished honor, and has since then devoted himself more particularly to the study of law, in the office of George M. Weston, Esq., of Bangor, but at the present time is a member of the Harvard Law School, at Cambridge.

REMORSE.

I MAY not flee it! in the crowded street,
Or in the solitude by all forgot,
'Tis ever there, a visitant unmeet,
Deep in my heart, the worm that dieth not.

There is no consolation in the thought
That from her lips no chiding words were spoken,
That her great soul on earth for nothing sought,
Toiling for me until its chords were broken.

Too late, the knowledge of that deep devotion!
Too late, belief of what I should have done!
Chained to my fate, to suffer the corrosion
Of my worn heart until life's sands are run.

Why should I weep? why raise the voice of wailing?
Why name the pangs that keep me on the rack?
Or prayers or tears alike were unavailing,
She has gone hence! I cannot call her back.

And I alone must wander here forsaken —
In crowded street or in secluded spot,
From that sad dream, oh never more to waken
Or cease to feel the worm that dieth not.

FANNY PARKER LAUGHTON.

This gifted young lady is the only daughter of Dr. Sumner Laughton, and was born in the village of Orono, on the fifteenth of January, 1836. For several years her parents have resided in Bangor. At an early age she gave evidence of great native talent, and when only ten years of age wrote very creditable verses. She has contributed a number of poems of a high character to the 'Eastern Mail,' Waterville, and the 'Daily Mercury,' Bangor, under the signature of *Inez.*

CASTLES IN THE FIRE.

Alone in my room one wintry night,
When the world without was dark and cold,
I gazed in the glowing coals, whose light
Flitted over the walls like rays of gold;
And I saw a castle glittering bright,
And a shining banner, with many a fold,
Waved over the battlement's gilded height,
And gay forms bent from the turrets old.

I looked again, 'twas changed; and where
Were the gardens bright with the proud and gay?
A dim old church was the castle fair.
And the knights were mouldering tombstones grey.
But the banner waved on the lonely air,
Slowly it waved ere it sunk to decay,
And in burning lines it was written there,
'Thus do the beautiful fade away!'

And still I gazed, — it was changed once more;
A bright lyre twined with a laurel wreath,
Seemed on the listening air to pour,
With a music tone its mystic breath;
The shadows gathered the hearthstone o'er,
But the golden harpstrings seemed to breathe,
As the firelight danced dimly on the floor,
'Tis THOUGHT alone that may conquer DEATH!'

GEORGE W. SNOW.

GEORGE W. SNOW, Esq., was born in the city of Bangor, on the thirteenth of May, 1809. He has written much, but little of which, however, has been published, owing to its adaptation to celebrations, anniversaries and the like occasions.

THE TEMPEST DRIVEN.

ADOWN the gulf, adown the gulf
The trembling vessel flies!
No shore or welcome haven near
To glad the seaman's eyes.

Adown the gulf, adown the gulf
She speeds her fearful way ;
The storm is dark around her track —
No star doth lend its ray.

The billows dash with threat'ning roar,
As hounds that scent their prey,
Yet swiftly, wildly speeds she o'er
The flashing waves away !

But now no more adown the gulf
The lonely bark is driven, —
Before the veering storm she reels—
Her only sail is riven.

Across the gulf, across the gulf!
Amid the deepening storm,
From wave to wave she scuds away
Like some sea-monster's form.

Away! she may not linger there,
For on her gleaming path,
Like wolves that chase the flying deer,
The billows foam in wrath.

But now away beyond the gulf
She finds a calmer sea,
And clear and bright comes forth the sun,
From tempest-clouds set free.

'Tis thus the spirit, by the strife
Of Death relentless driven,
Finds, far beyond the storms of Life,
A calm repose in Heaven.

HANNAH E. BRADBURY.

Miss Bradbury, known throughout New England as H. E. B., the authoress of so many charming little stories and poems which bear these initials, is the daughter of Benjamin B. Bradbury, of Bangor. She was born in Chesterville, but has resided in Bangor for some years.

THE COVERED BRIDGE.

The grave is but a covered bridge,
Leading from light to light, through a brief darkness.
H. W. Longfellow.

Only a covered bridge! yet from its brink
My spirit turns in fear;
Trembling and shuddering from its gloom I shrink,
The portals seem so drear.

A covered bridge, leading from light to light,
The darkness brief, they say;
Yet who shall guide me through the starless night
That darkly shrouds the way?

Each pain is softened now by mother's hand,
And pillowed on her breast
I catch bright glimpses of the spirit-land,
Where wearied souls may rest.

My Father's hand now smoothes each ruffled wave
Of life's unquiet sea;
Oh, gladly would I tread the darksome grave,
Leaning, my Sire, on thee.

But I must walk this covered bridge ALONE,
Passing from light to light
Without the kindly greeting of a friendly tone
Breaking the hush of night.

No! not alone — our blessed Christ hath pass'd
Through death's dark gloom,
A holy radiance hath his presence cast
Around the unwelcome tomb.

And when the light of earth grows dim and pale,
I'll banish every fear;
For though the kindness of my friends shall fail,
God's angels will be near.

God's angels will be near, through the brief night
Which shadows for an hour
The bridge o'er which I pass, from light to light,
Where death hath no more power.

SARAH WARREN SPAULDING.

THIS young lady was born in the town of Norridgewock, on the sixteenth day of August, 1834. She now resides at Bangor.

THE STORM AND THE RAINBOW.

DID the angels hang it out, mother,
The glorious bow I see?
Have the spirits such a banner
As now is shown to me?

It *was* reached down from Heaven,
Dear mother, I cannot doubt,
So tell your own dear Willie —
Did the *angels* hang it out?

The rain fell down in torrents —
The clouds were black as night —
But soon the armies of the storm
Were beat and put to flight.
They were vanquished by the angels,
And when they saw their rout,
There came the flag of Victory —
Did the angels hang it out?

I have heard of wars in heaven —
Now I *know* that they have fought —
I saw the flashing of their spears,
And their glances — did I not?
Their chariots rolled thro' heaven,
And I heard the demons shout —
And then I saw the *flag of peace* —
Did the angels hang it out?

'Tis the bow of promise, mother —
I know by God 'twas given,
Emblem of peace and harmony
Between mankind and heaven!
And when the storm-cloud passed away
With the last thunder shout,
And this bright bow appeared in heaven —
Did the angels hang it out?

CHARLES P. ILSLEY.

This gentleman is a native of Portland, where he was born in 1806. He was for several years connected with the 'Portland Transcript,' and at the present time is associated with E. P. Weston as assistant editor of the 'Eclectic.'

'OH, THIS IS NOT MY HOME!'

Oh, this is not my home —
I miss the glorious sea,
Its white and sparkling foam,
And lofty melody.

All things seem strange to me —
I miss the rocky shore,
Where broke so sullenly
The waves with deaf'ning roar:

The sands that shone like gold
Beneath the blazing sun,
O'er which the waters roll'd,
Soft chanting as they run:

And oh, the glorious sight!
Ships moving to and fro,
Like birds upon their flight,
So silently they go!

I climb the mountain's height,
And sadly gaze around,
No waters meet my sight,
I hear no rushing sound.

Oh, would I were at home,
Beside the glorious sea,
To bathe within its foam
And list its melody!

HANNAH AUGUSTA MOORE.

THIS young lady was born in the town of Wiscasset, Lincoln County, but has resided for several years in Brooklyn, N. Y. Some of her poems have attracted the attention of several prominent literary men.

THE SPIRIT OF SONG.

DESIRE it not, that fatal boon of sadness,
Young Dreamer, sailing o'er life's summer sea,
'Tis born of grief, in hearts whose all of gladness
Has died 'mid throes of mortal agony.

Desire it not; only where joy is dying,
In the dark caverns of the soul it dwells,
Its strength is drawn from tears, and groans and sighing,
From bleeding hearts the mystic music wells.

Yes, thence it wells, like springs of living water,
Or like the tide that rushes forth amain
From severed veins, on the red fields of slaughter,
Where heaps on heaps, are piled the battle's slain.

Its stirring numbers roll with mightiest power,
Where deepest, darkest floods of anguish sweep:
Oh, doubt me not, it is a mournful dower,
Bestowed on those whose portion is to weep.

'Tis ever thus; the grape yields not its treasure,
Save as the life from out its heart is press'd;
And agony, that knows not stint nor measure,
Wrings out sweet music from the human breast.

Ah, glances bright, and mirth and joyous singing,
Smiles, and light footsteps cheat the ear and eye,
While over all, within, despair is flinging
Its blight-like mist descending heavily.

Then ask it not, that fatal boon of sadness,
Young Dreamer, sailing o'er life's summer sea,
For first must fade thy smiles of heartfelt gladness,
And tears must quench thy joyful spirit's glee.

LEWIS DELA.

THIS humorous poet is a native of Portland, where he is now engaged in the practice of Law.

LAW vs. SAW.

SITTING in his office was a lawyer —
Standing in the street a sawyer;
On the lawyer's anxious face
You could read a knotty case,
Needing law;
While the sawyer, gaunt and grim,
On a rough and knotty limb
Ran his saw.

Now the saw-horse seemed to me
Like a double X in fee,
And the saw,
Whichever way 'twas thrust,
Must be followed by the dust,
Like the law.

And the law upon the track,
Like the client on the rack,
Playing its part;
As the tempered teeth of steel
Made a wound that would not heal
Through the heart.

And each severed stick that fell,
In its falling seemed to tell
All too plain,
Of the many severed ties
That in law suits will arise,
Bringing pain.

Then methought the sturdy paw,
That was using axe and saw
On the wood,
Had a yielding mine of wealth
With his honest toil and health,
Doing good.

If the chips that strewed the ground,
By some stricken widow found
In her need,
Should by light and warmth impart
Blessings to her aged heart —
Happy deed!

This conclusion then I draw,
That no exercise of jaw,
Twisting India rubber law,
Is as good,
As the exercise of paw,
Sawing wood.

SARAH HAYFORD.

Miss Hayford is the adopted daughter of Arvida Hayford, Esq., of Bangor, where she now resides. The following little gem has been extensively circulated, under the title of 'Sweet Florence,' and comes to us in 'Lelia's Offering.'

THE SLEEPING BABE.

I sat beside a sleeping babe,
And watched its gentle rest,
And felt the balmy breath that came
From 'neath the quiet breast:
I saw the smile of innocence,
That wreathed the sunny brow,
And felt 'twould never wear a smile
Of purer love than now.

There is a sweet, a heavenly charm
Around the infant thrown,
A mild and gentle purity,
In after years unknown.
No wonder to my partial eye
This darling of my heart,
Of gentle loveliness should seem
To bear a larger part.

'Twas thus I knelt beside the couch,
By little Florence graced,
And softly kissed the snowy neck
Her dimpled hands embraced.
The rose-tint softly flushed her cheek,
Her lips were cherry red,
And innocence and love combined
O'er every feature spread.

And as I gazed, methought a smile
Played o'er the features fair,
Which spoke a spirit, bright and pure,
And dreams, all free from care;
It told me, too, of angel guards
To shield the lovely guest,
As through the years of childhood bright,
The little one progress'd.

Original Poems.

BACCHANALIAN SONG.

BY MELVILLE WESTON FULLER.

Gaily the wine in our goblets is gleaming,
Bright on its surface the foam bubbles swim,
So the smiles of our joy from each countenance beaming,
Are the bubbles that dance on the cup of life's brim.

Oh, what are life's hopes and its high aspirations,
But wishes for things that are not what they seem?
Away to the shades with such dull contemplations,
Utopian visions where all is a dream —

The flag at our mast-head is pleasure's own banner,
And to the breeze boldly its broad folds we fling,
While each stout-hearted sailor will raise the hossanna
To ivy-crowned Bacchus, our jolly-souled king.

Then fill up your glasses, lads, fill up your glasses,
With frolicksome pleasure the moments employ,
Since life is a span, each bright hour it passes,
When siezed on its flight, it is ours to enjoy.

PANSIES.

BY MISS FANNY PARKER LAUGHTON.

There is pansies, — that's for thoughts.

HAMLET.

SUMMER blossoms, painted
Like the evening skies,
In your blended gold and purple,
Something holy lies.

Blossoming so meekly
On this world of ours,
Ye are full of deeper beauty —
Ye are more than flowers.

Sweet and tender mem'ries
Of our 'long ago,'
In the purple pansies folded,
Radiantly glow.

Visions of still meadows
Where the sunshine slept,
And of dreamy woods, where twilight
Endless watches kept; —

Of the paths familiar
To our childish feet,
And of brooks whose warbling voices
Were forever sweet.

Visions of the summers
Whose warm bloom is o'er,
And of hearts, whose bloom was warmer, —
With us now no more.

Happy hearts that bounded
Without thought or care,
Now beneath the sod, — with only
Pansies planted there.

Blossoming so meekly,
Little purple flowers,
Ye are full of brighter visions,
Than these faded hours!

Full of dreams reflecting
More than rainbow dyes, —
Full of golden hopes for reaching
Into Paradise!

O, there's not a single beauty
In this life of ours,
Which is not most sweetly uttered
By the simplest flowers!

THE FORSAKEN ARBOR.

[*In Memoriam.*]

BY BENJAMIN A. G. FULLER.

Into my garden in the Summer hours
A little bird with golden plumage flew,
And sported joyously amid the flowers
Which clust'ring there, in fragrant beauty grew.
Her soft and gentle notes, so blithe and gay, —
Like richest music from the spirit land, —
Floated around me all the live long day
And cheered the labors of my head and hand.

Oft did I watch her as on gladsome wing
She fluttered near as if my love to share,
And by her happy, buoyant song to bring
Some sweet relief to all my toil and care.
I watched her, as when twilight shades drew nigh
With folded plumes she sought her downy nest,
And safe embowered, drooped her head and eye,
And sank in trustful confidence to rest.

Day after day, as morn's first radiant beams
Their pure effulgence o'er creation shed,
This little warbler 'roused me from my dreams,
And trilled her liquid music o'er my bed.
Daily she came, — and from my hand she took
With thankfulness her little store of food,
The while I smoothed her plumage ; — and her look
Shew forth a sweet return of gratitude.

She won my purest love, — my gentlest care,
Her warblings all my fond affections stirred;
She nestled in my breast its warmth to share: —
So tenderly I loved my darling bird. —
I reared an arbor where her nest was made,
And nursed the beauteous flowers which 'round it grew,
And sought to shield her by the leafy shade
From noontide heat, or evenings chilly dew.

And when the yellow leaves forsook the trees,
And flowers faded from the cheerless earth,
I wrapped her softly from the snowy breeze,
And gently warmed her at the household hearth.
Four times glad Spring recalled to life again
Earth's buried glories, hidden long from sight,
Hailed by my songstress, who, in rapturous strain,
And notes exultant told her new delight.

One morn, ere Summer's latest rose had blown,
With icy breath the hoar-frost filled the air;
I missed my little one's familiar tone,
And sought her sheltered nest; — she was not there!
Too frail the rude Autumnal blast to meet,
Or lift her pinions 'gainst the wintry storm,
This first chill warning bade her find retreat
Ere rougher winds should toss her fragile form.

And gently, suddenly she took her flight
To sunnier climes, and skies more mild and fair,
Where softer zephyrs breathe, and frosts ne'er blight,
And fragrant flowers bloom eternal there.
Sweet bird! how desolate thy empty nest!
How sad my garden of thy song bereft!
But brighter fields are by *thy* presence blest,
And dearest memories unto *one* are left.

THE INDIAN AT BAY.

BY WILLIAM CUTTER.

'Ye call us savage — O, be just!
Our outraged feelings scan;
A voice comes forth, 'tis from the dust —
The savage *was* a man!'

I STAND upon the utmost verge
Of Freedom's last retreat,
And feel the everlasting surge
Still breaking at my feet —
The surge of pale-faced men that come
From every distant stand,
To find a refuge and a home
In Freedom's chosen land.

'Twas freedom's land in ages past,
Where, subject but to God,
In wilderness and prairie vast,
The untamed Indian trod; —
Free as the mountain-stream that glides
Meandering to the main, —
Free as the mountain-storm that rides
In fury o'er the plain.

'Tis Freedom's still, to those who wear
Its warrant in their skin,
Though all the darkest forms they bear
Of slavery within.

'Tis Freedom's still — but not for us,
To whom, by deed from heaven,
With ages of unchallenged use,
Its broad domain was given.

All men, of every name and faith,
As with a right divine,
Find shelter and repose beneath
Our fig-tree and our vine.
But we, the children of the soil,
Our mighty and our brave,
Abandoned to a ruthless spoil,
Here only find a grave.

From post to post still driven back,
From realm to realm pursued,
We trace our slow retiring track
By tears, and graves, and blood; —
By wrongs, which to high heaven appeal
With prayer's resistless power,
Wrongs which the pale-faced race shall feel
In heaven's avenging hour.

RHYMES,

Recited at the Jubilee Dinner, at Bowdoin College, Sept. 3, 1854.

BY EDWARD P. WESTON.

* * * * * *

Well, it was pleasant, as we said before,
To be invited home to dine once more.
But then, we must confess, 'twas rather hard
To find appended to our mother's card,
A postscript running thus, — You'll please to bring
Your welcome with you, — just some simple thing
To pass round at the dinner; if so be
There should be lacking aught of *jeu d' esprit!*
I took my *Bolmar* down to find the dish; —
Alas! 'twas neither fruit, nor fowl nor fish.
A *jeu d' esprit!* I'm making no pretenses, —
'Twas written so by her amanuensis.
A *jeu d' esprit!* well really my brothers,
If children were not bound to mind their mothers
With *such* condition in the note to dine,
The '*esprit* (*sprée*) had all been yours, *sans* help of mine,
But come I must, — for thus my heart inclin'd;
But where alas, the *jeu d' esprit* to find!
Brought forty miles, 'twould spoil in getting here,
Sure as an uncorked bottle of small beer.
So — wise or foolish — I concluded best
To let the morning and the hour suggest.
Well, — when I reached, this morning, College-place,
And caught a glimpse of Alma Mater's face,
There's no belying it, I surely spied

Upon that matron's face a look of *pride!*
She was not gazing on herself, be sure,
Vain of her beauty, simpering-demure;
Nor — though she might — upon *his* manly charms
She woo'd so lately to her widowed arms, —
But on the *sons* who crowded to her door;
And as she gazed in pride, *she prayed for more.*
More sons to speak her praise in all the earth,
And tell inquirers where they had their birth:
More sons to Lord* it o'er some heritage
Goodly as that of her own Dartmouth sage:
More NEHEMIAHS† like our scribe to-day,
For our Jerusalem to toil and pray:
Sons KEEN in history and in physic too,
With pen or pill to put the patient through:
More HOWARDS, on the prisoner's cause intent,
And in all *legal* ways benevolent:
More of the CALVIN school, to STOWE within
Our young divines, the mysteries of sin:
More ABBOTTS, fain the cloistered young to guide
When learning's fount and faith's flow side by side:
More precious STONES to gleam with beauty rare
In the bright crown she prides herself to wear:
More SMYTHS, with brawny arm to forge them hot
And weld the chain of mathematic shot:
More LITTLE men, in wealth or office great
To spur the iron horse, — or — legislate:
More FRANKS, to PIERCE‡ the serried hosts of war
That gather on our borders, near or far:
More WILLIAM PITTS, on the high mission sent
To scout oppression in our parliament:
More fearless hearts and stentor lungs to HALE§

The day when *Right* shall over *Might* prevail:
More EAST-MEN magi in their country's laws,
More SOUTHGATES‖ guarding well the *church's* cause:
More tasteful BARNES, whose grecian style is meet
For palaces as well, or learning's seat:
More CHANDLERS, working at their *lawful* wares,
BAKERS and BUTLERS, with their household cares:
A few LONGFELLOWS†† more to write her name,
High on the pannels of our country's fame, —
With 'voices of the night,' and words of cheer
To chain the nation's heart and charm its ear:
More blossoms from the fragrant HAWTHORNE hedge,
Planted just yonder by the *Blithedale* edge:
More PRENTISSES‡‡ — soon masters in the art,
By which the tongue can thrill the human heart:
More DRUMMOND lights, with far and flashing rays
To set the world a-gaping and a-blaze:
More sons, in fine, each post and sphere to grace
From humble toil to Presidential place.

THE SHORES OF MAINE.

BY ISAAC M'LELLAN.

FAR in the sunset's mellow glory,
Far in the daybreak's pearly bloom —
Fring'd by ocean's foamy surges,
Belted in by woods of gloom,
Stretch thy soft, luxuriant borders,
Smile thy shores, in hill and plain,
Flower-enamell'd, ocean-girdled,
Green bright shores of Maine.

Rivers of surpassing beauty
From thy hemlock woodlands flow,—
Androscoggin and Penobscot,
Saco, chill'd by northern snow.
These from many a lowly ravine
Thick by pine-trees shadow'd o'er,
Sparkling from their ice-cold tributes
To the surges of thy shore.

Bays resplendent as the heaven,
Starr'd and gemm'd by thousand isles,
Gird thee, Casco, with its islets,
Quoddy with its dimpled smiles:
O'er them swift the fisher's shallop,
And tall ships their wings expand,
While the smoke-flag of the steamer,
Flaunteth out its cloudy streamer,
Bound to foreign strand.

Bright from many a rocky headland
Fring'd by sands that shine like gold,
Gleams the light-house white and lonely,
Grim as some barronial hold.
Bright by many an ocean valley
Shaded hut and village shine;
Roof and steeple, weather-beaten,
Stain'd by ocean's breath of brine.

Appendix.

NOTES.

Page 7—(*a*). These extracts are from Longfellow's 'Dramatic Poem,' entitled the 'Spanish Student,' which, in many respects, is the finest poem he has written. It is of a different character from Evangeline, and shows that the genius of its author is versatile and brilliant. The passages here quoated, are some of the most beautiful which it contains. Without this poem *no* library is complete.

Page 10—1st line—read *mystery* for *history*.
" 15—4th verse " *achieving* " *aching*.
" 16—2d " " *whate'er* " *whatever*.
" 18—2d " " *Moldau's* " *Moldar's*.

Since our work has been in press, and after the sketch of Mr. Willis was printed, we learned that he was not so dangerously ill as supposed, although quite feeble.

Page 44—(*b*). In the Scamander,—before contending for the prize of beauty on Mount Ida. Its head waters fill a beautiful tank near the falls of Troy.

Page 38—(*c*). Parrhasius, a painter of Athens, from among those Olynthian captives Philip of Macedon brought home to sell, bought one very old man; and when he had him at his house, put him to death with extreme torture and torment, the better, by his example, to express the pains and passions of his Prometheus, whom he was then about to paint.—Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.

Page 54—(*d*). This poem was prepared for the press on the day succeeding Mr. Thatcher's death, which explains the opening lines.

Page 59—(*e*). One prisoner I saw, who had been imprisoned from his youth, and was said to be occasionally insane in consequence. He enjoyed no companionship—the keeper said—but that of a beautiful tamed bird. Of what name or clime it was, I know not—only that he *called* it fondly his *dove*, and seemed never happy but when it sang to him.—M. S. *of a Tour through France.*

Page 80—(*f*). This poem was written on the shore of Lake Erie, during Mr. Lovejoy's journey West, and soon after he had recovered from a severe illness. It undoubtedly refers to himself.

Page 85—(*g*). We intended giving a longer sketch, and a more definate one, both of Mrs. Smith and her husband, but have received no reply to our letters. Within a short time we have learned that she was born in Cumberland, instead of Portland.

Page 103—(*h*). We have occasionally referred to Dr. Griswold's work—'The Poets and Poetry of America,' for some few dates and facts, but since using them, find that they are *horribly incorrect*, and therefore beg our readers to excuse us for stealing from so poor a source.

Page 107—2nd verse, read *spurning* for *sparing*.
" 108—3rd " " *aye* " *age*.

Page 113—(*i*) Since his death, Mr. Mellen has been accused of plaguerizing this poem from one by Tennyson, of a similar character. The only line that is at all similar to Tennyson's, is the one here marked. The accusation is entirely false.

Page 128—(*j*). The fifth of May came amid wind and rain. Napoleon's passing spirit was deliriously engaged in a strife more terrible than the elements around. The words *tete d' armee*, (head of the army,) the last words which escaped from his lips, intimated that his thoughts were watching the current of a heavy fight. About eleven minutes before six in the evening, Napoleon expired. — *Scott's Life of Napoleon.*

Page 134. — In 4th line, read *Blackwood's* for *Blackstone's*.

A large portion of this sketch was accidentally ommitted, and discovered too late to be remedied. The selection of poems is by no means a sample of the ability of Mr. Neal, who is undoubtedly, one of the most gifted and remarkable men who have figured in the literature of our country. Our proper selections not arriving at the time appointed we were obliged to use whatever we could find of his in print.

Page 135—(*k*). This is an extract from Mr. Neal's longest poem, entitled 'The Battle of Niagara,' and is taken from that portion of it which brings the care worn soldier home to his wife and children. The painter's art would fail, should he attempt to excel this beautiful and life-like picture of the poet's imagination.

Page 139—1st verse, last line, *comma* for *period*.
" 144—2nd line, read, and *wrote* several dramas, *which* were, &c.
" " —10th " " President *Taylor*, for *Fillmore*.
" " —22rd " " *Revolution* for *Renovation*.
" 152—2nd verse " *widest* for *wildest*.
" " —3rd " " *Are ever* for *Have e'er been*.
" " — " " " *The soonest* for *And the soonest*.
" 161—4th verse, read *came* for *come*.

" 164—(*k*). In the year 1821, a Mrs. Blake perished in a snow storm in the night time, while travelling over a spur of the Green Mountains, in Vermont. She had an infant, which was found alive in the morning wrapped in the mother's clothing.

Page 170 — last verse, read *him* for *thee.*

" 177 — 3rd verse, read *balcony* for *bacony.*

" " " " " *flight* for *light.*

" 210 — 16th line, read *did* for *done.*

" " 19th " " *associate* for *assistant.*

" 213 — 10th " " *the immortal* for *immortal.*

" " — last line, read *to immortality* for *of immortality.*

" 216 — 14th line, read *this* for *the.*

" " — 16th " " *breathe* for *breath.*

" 217 — last verse, read *immortally* for *immortality.*

" 215 — (*l*]. Mrs. Sarah Emmons Cumming, a native of Portland, and wife of Rev. Hooper Cumming, of Newark, N. J.

Page 216 — (*m*). She had been married but six weeks and was then on a bridal tour.

(*n*). Since this event, in June, 1812, a green cedar tree has sprung up from the very spot over which she fell, while gazing into the abyss below, and the poet has happily wreathed it into his poem, as a monument planted of God.

The closing portion of this poem, we regret to say, was accidentally omitted, and is here inserted.

But my mother's voice,
From the full depths of unforgotten love,
Still calleth to thee in the spirit land,
Her voice — her heart — in mine!
And now to thee,
Spirit of heaven sent forth to minister,
And thee — my mother — dwelling even now
By prayer and faith, just on the verge of heaven,
Unto the living and the dead, I give
These waiting moments and this sorrowing song!

Page 303 — * Lord, D.D., President of Dartmouth College. Graduated in 1809.

" † Nehemiah Cleveland, one of the Orators of the day. Grad. in 1813.

" ‡ President Pierce, graduated in 1824.

" § John P. Hale, graduated in 1827.

" ‖ Bishop Southgate, graduated in 1832.

" †† Prof. Longfellow, graduated in 1825.

" ‡‡ Sargent S. Prentiss, graduated in 1826, and his brother, George L. Prentiss, graduated in 1835.

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